THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY H. S. COREY.

All gladsome things shall come with dainty Spring,
The bird, the bee, the rivulet, the flower;
Oh golden dream, that tarrying time shall bring
To some a double dower.

Shall bring the breeze that flutters parting sails,
The foam that laps the parting vessel's prow,
The thrills, the hopes, the raptures, the farewells,
And over all the glow

Of the June sun, whose beams the billows toss
And scatter with white hands as favors free,
To light a passion-freighted barque across
The broad Atlantic sea.

So sweet the boon, so few to taste its bliss!
And I—oh, summer journeyers o'er the wave,
A foot you cannot hear your deck shall pace,
Nor mark nor impress leave.

What though this one long line of desolate hills
Shuts in my desolate life forevermore!
I still shall share your raptures and your thrills,
From gleaming shore to shore.

The morning beam from out the opal east
Shall kiss my eyes across the shimmering sea,
Shall burn, and pale, and you have never guessed
It streamed for one like me.

For me at eve across the shimmering sea,
The changeful glory of the setting sun
Shall burn, and pale, and yet my presence be
A presence unto none.

I, too, shall strain outlooking eyes to catch
The first soft smile of many a dawning land;
Turn sadly back the last dim line to reach
Of each receding strand.

What shining slopes our chainless feet shall climb!
What valley shades shall cool our noonday dreams!
What purple fruits shall tempt us many a time,
By blue Arcadian streams!

Our hearts shall bow at temples, shrines, and graves;
Pulse to the moonlight dip of Grecian oars;
Beat to the dashing of the crested waves
That fret the Euxine shores.

On slumbrous airs our alien ears shall hear
The Moslem's "Allah!" whispered, prayed, and sung;
The startled antelope dash by in fear,
Our pealing mirth among.

Oh, dreaming soul, what fantasies are these!
Look out! the same sad line of frozen hills
Shuts thee away from summer bloom and breeze,
And tents, and snowy sails.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ROAD.

The day after that on which the events which we have narrated took place, John Carlyon took a ride towards Mellor; although at first he had turned his horse's head another way. On his road thither he met with an interruption. Scarce had he left his own gates, when he came upon a knot of cocklers, just returned from the bay, and apparently making up for their superstitious abstinence from quarrel on the sands* by "having it out" on dry land.

"What is the matter, my friends?" cried Carlyon, good-humoredly, interposing the huge bulk of Red Berild between two combative ladies who were contending for the possession of something that seemed to be all legs. "Have you found the spokes of one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels?"

At this, all burst into a guffaw, for Squire John was an immense favorite with this class, and his jokes always certain of acceptance.

"Well, sir, it might be," returned one; "at least, it's like nothing as we knows on; it seems of no manner of use, unless it's for pinching your fingers."

"Hallos!" observed the squire, examining this curiosity with interest. "Where did you find this?"

"In the middle of the bay, sir, stuck in the sand," answered the same comely dame who had held contention with the spiritual cobbler on the previous evening. "It might have floated away but for this great pad as it had hold of, just like a crab."

"My good Mrs. Mackereth, this is a camp-stool," explained Mr. Carlyon. "The pad, as you call it, was once a drawing-book, the weight of which, as you say, without doubt, prevented its wooden companion from going to sea."

"Lor, sir, why then they're Miss Crawford's!" ejaculated one of the late combatants. "I am sure if we had known, we should not have thought of keeping them. Directly after we have had our sup o' tea we'll take them round to Greycrags, won't us, Dick?"

"Stop; I'm going there myself at once," said Carlyon, after a pause, "I will take the book with me. Here are two half crowns for your trouble, and I daresay you will not leave the house empty-handed when you have taken the camp-stool."

"No, squire, that's not likely; God bless her! yes, bless her!" returned the cockler, dividing the spoil with her rival. "Miss Agnes has as open a hand as your own; long life to you both."

"And I wish that them hands was joined, and that that was your marriage blessing," observed Dame Mackereth, boldly. This good lady was deficient in delicacy as some of her sex and age not seldom are. The rest seemed to feel that their spokeswoman had gone a little too far, so her observation elicited no mark of adhesion. The situation was rather embarrassing for everybody but herself, who, pleased as a gunner who has sent a shell plump into the enemy's magazine, notwithstanding that it has destroyed a score or two of innocent noncombatants, indulged in a very hearty fit of laughter.

"Good-morning, my friends," said Carlyon, coldly, moving slowly off with his prize under his arm. He did not venture to ride fast, for fear the merriment should at once become general. On the other hand, he could not help hearing the following observations:

"There, now, you have angered the squire, dame; your tongue is just half-an-inch longer than it ought to be."

"Nay, it's just the right length," returned that indomitable female; "and as for angering him, I'll be bound he's as pleased as Punch. I have not come to my time of life and been wooed and wed by three proper men—all in the grave, poor souls, worse luck—without knowing what a man likes said to him and what he don't."

And certainly John Carlyon wore a smile upon his face, as he trotted up the hill.

"I think I shall call *now*," said he to himself; "it will be only civil to take this drawing-book." He regarded it doubtfully enough, though, and indeed it had a rueful look. "One might almost think that Browning wrote of this identical article—

There you have it, dry in the sun,
With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blue spots where the color has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister
O'er the page so beautifully yellow.

What a fool I am to be taking it back to her in all this hurry! Nobody can ever draw upon it again. It has become a mere blotting pad as that old woman called it. She was right there though not when she gave me her good wishes. What is the use of my crying for the moon like a great baby? Mr. Crawford may be willing enough to have me for a son-in-law, and, indeed, I think he wished me to see me that. But even if her affections are not engaged to her handsome cousin—and why not? he is half my age and has twice my good looks (if, that is, I have any left); and he has opportunities which I can never have; and he loves her. I could see that when they stood yonder upon the brink of their grave. The young bantam showed no white feather, that I will say. And Agnes—was ever such a courage seen in woman? I remember a picture at Antwerp, where they are binding the arms of a beautiful maiden before they cast her into some roaring flood—a Christian martyr, of course—and she wore just such an expression as this girl did last night when the sea was craving for her, and death within a hand's breadth. One would have thought that she had been in heaven already. And it is a saint like this that you have set your mind upon, John Carlyon, to have for your wife, is it? No less will serve your turn, eh? But this is no Margaret to be won by the aid of any Mephistopheles. Faust, Faust, let me recommend you to stick to your profession as a country gentleman; hunt, shoot, drink, and die."

Here he arrived at the fork of the road leading down from Mellor church, and pulled his horse up.

"No," added he, grimly, after a pause. "I will send this book by hand, and then be off to London, where I have so many kind friends; some of them female ones. Then, when the invitation comes to dine at Greycrags, I shall escape temptation, or rather, what is much less pleasant, certain disappointment. Yes, I'll go home and pack my portmanteau, no matter how old Robin may purse his lips; or suppose," continued he, after a pause, "I let Red Berild decide the matter, as the knights of old used to do, letting the reins fall on the neck of their steed, and following his guidance rather than using their own judgment. But then that would be scarcely fair to—to the Greycrags alternative, since Berild is sure to take the road to his stables."

His fingers were yet playing irresolutely with the bridle, when a young man came suddenly upon him from the direction of the village, walking very fast, and with his cap pulled low over his brows, as though to avoid observation.

"Ah, William!" cried Carlyon, cheerily; and it was curious to note how very cheery his manner at once became, when addressing others, no matter how sombre might have been his previous meditations while alone; "the very man I wished to see!"

"And I was on my road to Woodlees, sir," returned the other, gravely, "expressly to see you, Mr. Carlyon."

The voice was subdued and low for a man's voice, but with that earnestness and resolution in its tone which bespeak deep convictions in the speaker.

"Coming to *me*, were you, William? well, I am always glad to see you, but I think it was my business to come to you. When I looked in the glass this morning, and saw this bruise on my forehead, I said to myself, 'I have William Millet to thank for that.' The rope struck me just over the eyes; exactly the spot where they lasso wild cattle on the prairies. There must be no touching of hats; you must give me your hand, my friend, this morning. John Carlyon owes you his life."

The young man hesitated; then diffidently reached out his hand to meet the other's.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he, "except in the bare fact that it was I who threw the rope; though Miss Agnes is good enough to make as much of that as she can. But, indeed, so far from your being indebted to me or mine, it was through—it was through my poor father, sir," (here the young man fixed his eyes upon the ground,) "that the mischance happened at all. His old enemy tempted him and he fell."

"That's somewhat unintelligible," returned Carlyon coldly; "how was it, in plain terms?"

"Miss Agnes and her cousin went out in father's cart, to take a sketch of the bay from the middle of the sands."

The speaker had enunciated his words with painful difficulty, notwithstanding that he evidently strove to be distinct and collected, and now he came to a full stop altogether.

"Well, she was on the sands and sketching," said the other, impatiently; "I know that much already, for here is her drawing-book."

Under any other circumstances precise William Millet would have smiled to hear a gentleman and lady thus spoken of as a single individual, to whom moreover was attributed the sex that is ungallantly stated to be less worthy than the masculine; but he was full of a great trouble, and had no sense of anything else.

It was arranged as usual, for he had been out, with Miss Agnes at least, on such expeditions before, that father should call for them on his way back to Mellor, and in good time. But while at the skeer he met with an old comrade, living on the other side of the bay, who not content with drinking the devil's health on shore—for that's what a man does every time he puts his lips to the whiskey bottle—must needs take out his liquor with him upon the very sands. Sir, my father could not resist it. God forgive him, he drank till he scarce knew where he was; drank till he had clean forgotten his promise to Miss Agnes; and at last, went home with his companion, quite unconscious that death was drawing nigh to the best friend he had in the world, (for Miss Agnes has been his guardian angel, sir,) and all through his own fault, his own folly, his own crime."

"What a cursed fool the man must have been!" cried Carlyon, angrily.

"A fool, sir, indeed, but I trust not cursed," returned the young man solemnly. "He is sorry enough now, is father. It is terrible to see his grief. But for you, Mr. Carlyon, he feels that he should have been a murderer. He will never hold up his head again, I doubt."

"Well, the sense of the mischief he so nearly wrought, will at least have this good result, I suppose, that Stephen will leave off drinking," said Carlyon. "That will be good coming out of evil—isn't that the phrase?"

"God grant it may be so," returned the young man, without noticing the other's cynical tone; "and that this awful lesson may save his soul alive."

"Humph," said Mr. Carlyon, dryly; then murmured to himself; "How characteristic all this is. To save a soul that is not worth saving, two *other* folks are put within a hair's-breadth of being drowned."

"I see you are very angry, sir," resumed the young man, humbly; "and I am sure I cannot blame you. You are the third person whose death would have lain at my father's door. It was your forgiveness that I was coming to ask for him, sir. He durst'n come himself. I think he would rather die than meet Miss Agnes just at present, although the dear young lady was very anxious to assure him of her pardon. He can look in no man's face. Oh, sir, he is bowed down to the earth with shame and sorrow."

"Well, William, you may tell him he has my free forgiveness as far as what he has done to me is concerned."

"But not as respects Miss Agnes? You will never forgive him that. That's what you mean is it not, sir?" said the young man looking up with flushed cheeks, for the first time. "That's what they all say, sir. They will point at father as the man that nearly murdered Miss Agnes; and yet she—Mr. Carlyon, if you are going up to Greycrags, ask her what *she* thinks they ought to do. What she thinks you ought to do. She says for her part, that if she had been downright drowned and that through that circumstance—"

"That will do, William," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, harshly. "Don't speak to me any more, or you will put me in a passion, and I shall say things that will hurt your feelings. You are an excellent fellow yourself (although you are a fool in some things) and I have always had a good opinion of you. I am bound to be your friend for life, for what you did for me twenty-four hours ago, and you may depend upon me at all times. Good-bye."

"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the young man, laying his hand imploringly upon the other's bridle rein, and speaking in earnest, but rapid tones; "if, as you say, I have deserved anything at your hands, let it weigh with you now. The man that I speak of is cast down to the very dust—a broken man without hope; it lies in your example to give him one more chance among his fellow creatures here or not; and, oh, sir, he is my own father!"

A spasm passed across Mr. Carlyon's face, the index of some mental struggle within, and he did not speak for some moments. Then, with a very gentle voice, he said,—"What a good fellow you are, William. You may tell this man that I forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and I will do my best to persuade others to do so—for his son's sake."

"Thank you, sir; though I wish it had been for God's sake," returned the young man, fervently. "May He prosper you in all your undertakings, and call you home to Him at last."

But John Carlyon had already touched Red Berild with his heel, and did not wait for that reply. He had turned his horse's head towards Greycrags.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATORY.

The residence occupied by Mr. Crawford (for it was not his own) was as secluded as Woodlees itself, although in a different fashion. It was a house that stood on a hill, and yet it was hid. Trees environed it almost wholly, although not growing so near as to give the outlook any appearance of gloom. Curiously enough, the view of the sea, an advantage generally so desiderated in those parts, was altogether shut out from the mansion, the principal rooms of which faced the north-west, and commanded a grand inland prospect. In that direction, hill rose behind hill, until in the distance their summits were usually mingled with the clouds; but on very bright days indeed this highest range stood grandly out against the clear blue sky, and in the late autumn, when the snow began to hoar their tops, afforded a really glorious spectacle. A still better view, of course, was gained from the summit of the hill from which the house was named, and hence it had at one time been a great resort for parties of pleasure during the summer months. This, however, was long ago; ever since Mr. Crawford's tenancy of the place a rigorous exclusion of all strangers having been maintained. Nay, it might almost be added of all friends, in such solitude had the old man lived for the whole five years he had passed at Mellor. So far, therefore, from enjoying its ancient reputation as a place of amusement, it was now in no very pleasant repute. Being shut out from Greycrags, its poorer neighbors affected (like the fox who pronounced the uncomeatable grapes sour) to shun it; or perhaps they really had got to believe the tales which they had themselves invented against its proprietor when he forbade their making use of his grounds. What did the old curmudgeon mean by such conduct? People did not hedge themselves in, and keep themselves *to* themselves in that sort of way without some very good reason for it; or rather for some reason which (like the spirits at the Mellor Arms) were strong without being so very good.

What should induce an old gentleman of seventy years of age, with an only daughter of fifteen or so, to come and live at such a place as Greycrags—a man, one would think, to whom society would have been most acceptable, since his sole establishment upon his arrival had consisted of his daughter's attendant, and she a black woman! He had engaged the few other servants his simple mode of life required, in the neighborhood, and dropped down, just as it might be, (except that the black woman was credited with having hailed from what I may venture to call the opposite locality,) from the skies. It was nothing less than an insult to the intelligence of his neighbors, to behave in this unaccountable manner. Many of them would have forgiven his having closed the grounds, if they could have only found out why he did it. Even Mr. Puce, the parson, a man who had the reputation of knowing a great deal of the world (some even said that for a clergyman he had too exclusively given his attention to it) could make nothing of Mr. Crawford. He had called, of course, not without some thirst for information, and had found the new-comer pretty much as we have seen him five years afterwards at Woodlees; with a curious look of suspicion about him just at first, which wore off before the visit was ended. A gentleman, without doubt; Mr. Puce was ready to stake his reputation (not his professional one, but the other) upon that fact; he was never mistaken as to whether a man had been accustomed to "move in the upper circles." He even expressed his opinion that Mr. Crawford was one who had been accustomed to habits of command. But this was going a little too far. The gentry of the locality who had not enjoyed the privilege of a personal interview with the mysterious stranger—they who had called and been "not-at-homed," and whose calls had not been returned—would not credit that much. It was only natural that Mr. Puce should make the most of his advantage; but after all, what Mr. Crawford had alleged about himself was probably correct. He had made a competency by commerce, and very late in life had married a young wife, who had died in childbed with his little daughter. At nearly the same time his only brother and his wife had been carried off by fever in India, and their infant son had been consequently consigned to his charge. The Ayah who had brought him over had undertaken the management of both children; and servants of all sorts were now required. Mr. Puce could doubtless recommend some amongst his parishioners.

In short, Mr. Crawford had been as business-like as polite throughout the interview; but although thus far communicative about his own affairs—indeed evidently anxious to explain his position—there was nothing to be got out of him by cross-examination. Attired in deep mourning, his wasted form and cadaverous features fully bore out his assertion that both as concerned health and spirits he was totally incapacitated for mixing with society; and this he hoped that Mr. Puce would be so good as to make known to any families who might be kind enough to entertain the design of calling upon him. He was not even at present well enough, he added (and during the last five years he had never been sufficiently convalescent to attempt the experiment), to attend public worship.

Indeed, notwithstanding the not unpromising character of that first interview, the rector had never got speech with his parishoner again. He had called perhaps half-a-dozen times at Greycrags (for he was piqued at having been so foiled in his dexterous homethrust and anxious to retrieve his reputation as a far-sighted investigator into social mill-stones,) but the answer he constantly received was that Mr. Crawford did not feel himself equal to see him—that is, except from a distance; for as the rector walked away discomfitted it sometimes happened that the ancient invalid was watching him through his telescope from some umbrageous portion of the elevated grounds. As time went on a governess of mature years was provided for Agnes; and whether from the admirable "system" employed by that lady (and quite peculiar to herself as everybody's "system" is,) or from her previous training under some one else, no more satisfactory female pupil was ever turned out of the educational workshop. Her accomplishments, however, were far outshone by her kindliness and charity. Even Mr. Puce was compelled to confess that the church had no such servant in his parish as the daughter of the recluse of Greycrags. She was humble, too, and submissive to authority; not like that pestilent Job Salver, who blasphemously conceived that he had received the gift of preaching; nor even that William Millet, who carried his religion into every affair of life like some nursing mother who embarrasses her neighbors by considering the baby is included in all invitations.

Agnes Crawford, unlike her father, "went out" (as the phrase goes) a good deal; but not into what is generally called society. She was on excellent terms with the ladies of the neighborhood, who had no worse term to apply to her than "very peculiar;" but she did not often visit them. No person (with any sense of propriety) could blame her for that, since having parted with her governess in her eighteenth year, she had no longer a "chaperon." Old Mrs. Heathcote, of Mellor Lodge, had indeed offered her services to "the dear girl," in this matter—including some very appropriate personal properties, item: a front as black as the raven's wing; a splendid turban, with an ostrich feather in it; and a portrait of her deceased husband, worn as a stomacher, and almost the size of life. But Agnes, with grateful thanks, had declined her protection. She did not even care for either of the two county balls (one civil, the other military;) and therefore it may be easily imagined that the ordinary evening parties of the neighborhood failed to attract her. Dinner parties were not given about Mellor—a neatly written statement that the pleasure of your company was requested to ten being the favorite form of invitation—but it is my belief that Miss Crawford would not very much have cared even for going out to dinner. She only took other people's dinners out to them in a basket; and when they were sick, supplied them with little comforts—made inexpressibly more comforting in their ministration. Thus it might have easily happened that not moving in the best local circles (to borrow Mr. Puce's imagery) Agnes had never so much as spoken with John Carlyon, although so near a neighbor.

The fact was, however, that Mr. Carlyon did not move in them either, or rather had not done so for many years. He had flown off from them at a tangent of his own free will, or perhaps, as they themselves averred with some complacency, they had made him fly. The squire at Woodlees had very much overrated his social position if he imagined that he might think as he liked, or at all events might express his opinions. Because the Earl of Disney thought fit to absent himself from public worship fifty-one Sundays per annum, that was no excuse for Mr. John Carlyon's absence therefrom for fifty-two. Nor had he even the decency, like Mr. Crawford (an old man whose case was shocking to contemplate, but who had yet some sense of shame,) to

* The cocklers never quarrel "on the sands" being under the impression that if they do so, the cockles will leave their usual haunts with the next tide.

frame an excuse. The squire was the picture of health, and might be seen, Sunday after Sunday, starting for his gallop on the sands, while all the other gentry of the neighborhood were proceeding with demure faces to listen in the proper place to the clergyman of their parish. These gentlemen, his sometimes companions in the hunting-field, would look up in rather a sheepish manner and say, "How do, Carlyon?" as he met or overtook them on such occasions; but their wives never vouchsafed him a nod. Nay, as soon as he had passed by on his ungodly errand, they would often anticipate Mr. Pace's discourse by a little sermon of their own, or even bring the tell-tale color into their lord's cheek by stating their belief that he himself would rather be on horseback at that very moment like yonder wicked man, if the truth were known. It is fair to add, however, that it was not merely Mr. Carlyon's absence from church which caused him to be thus sent to Coventry (not a wholly disagreeable place, he averred in his cynical way,) but also a very deplorable habit he had of speaking disrespectfully of religion. He protested he never did so un'ess in self-defence, and when belabored by the weapons of the dogmatic; but not only was this denied, but the defence, such as it was, was disallowed. What aggravated the matter, too, above all things, was that John Carlyon's father had been one of the best and most orthodox of men. While he lived no evidence of his son's depravity had been afforded; but no sooner had his example been withdrawn than the young squire hand thrown off the mask, and appeared in his true character as a scoffer. For the rest he was a man of daring courage, and open-handed generosity; but these virtues, of course, only made his irreligious opinions the more to be deplored.

John Carlyon and Agnes Crawford, then, except for those terrible minutes on the lesten'ng sand, had never met, although each had been made well aware, by report, of the character of the other. "She will thank me, mused the squire to himself, as he rode up to the front door at Greycrags, "and then she will shrink from me as from an adder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Become Contented with One's Own Home.

Not long since a gentleman who owns a country residence became dissatisfied and concluded that it was not the place that suited him at all. He talked with his wife and she gradually arrived at the conclusion that the lawn was not what it should be, that the trees were not sufficiently umbrageous, and that various details were wanting to make the place acceptable. The couple having reached this unhappy frame of mind became daily more dissatisfied, and it was finally concluded that the estate should be offered at private sale.

After some delay, the owner accidentally met Mr. Samuel A. Walker, the well known auctioneer and informed him of his intention, stipulating, however, that the advertisement should give a full description of the place.

"You know," he continued, "that I don't want Tom, Dick, and Harry running down to inspect the place from mere curiosity, and as my wife says she will not consent to a public auction, I propose to sell it at private sale."

"I understand," said Mr. Walker, "I will announce it in such a way that, without naming the locality, it will attract the attention of any one in want of a country seat, and then they can apply at my office."

"That is exactly what I want," replied the gentleman, "and you had better drop down and dine with me and look it over, so that you can give it a good description."

"No need of that," replied the auctioneer, "for you forget I sold it to you, and I described it then, and I never forget a place I have once seen; of course I shall allude to its present condition."

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, "and I leave it entirely in your hands, though there is no immediate hurry, for I cannot give possession at present."

In the course of a few days the gentleman took up a newspaper and read a description of a place which Mr. Walker had advertised. It was in the peculiar style of the auctioneer. After perusing carefully, and making note of the "grassy slopes," the "splendid vistas" and the "conveniences which grace the country residence of a gentleman of wealth and refinement," he read aloud to his wife.

"That is just the place we want," she said.

"My idea to a dot," added the husband, "of what a place should be. I will call in at Mr. Walker's and inquire about it this very day."

Mr. Walker received his visitor, and anticipating some congratulatory remarks, asked him to take a seat.

"Mr. Walker," said the gentleman, "you have advertised in to-day's paper just the place I want."

"Just the place you want to sell," added Mr. Walker.

"No, sir, the very place I want to purchase," replied the gentleman.

"Which one do you mean?" inquired Mr. Walker, handing him a paper.

"Why, this one to be sure; don't you suppose I read it?"

The auctioneer adjusted his spectacles and looked at his latest literary production. His spectacles fell from their place to the tip of his nose, and peering at his visitor, he burst into a laugh, exclaiming,

"Why, my dear man, that's *your* place."

"My place!" reiterated the astounded owner; "my place; let's see. 'Grassy slopes,' 'beautiful vistas,' 'coveniences of a gentleman of wealth,' etc."

"Why, yes; haven't you a charming view of the ocean; don't you look from your dining-room window upon the most beautiful lawn you ever saw?" queried Mr. W.

"Well, so I do," added the surprised individual, and after a moment's hesitation he said: "Just make out your bill for advertising and expenses, for by George, I wouldn't sell it for three times what I gave for it."—*Boston Journal.*

☞ The latest returns make the total of registered voters in Louisiana 119,896, of whom 41,166 are whites and 78,230 blacks. The negroes have a decisive majority in all the parishes but six, and those are the smallest in the state.

☞ On the final motion to strike out the word "male" in the New York Convention, it was lost by only 19 ayes to 125 nays. So that folly may be considered settled, so far as New York is concerned.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

Our readers will remember that it was announced in the early days of July, among the items of the foreign news, that owing to the profound impression produced in Europe by the death of Maximilian, the proposed celebration of the National Anniversary by the Americans in Paris had been abandoned.

This item struck American readers generally as a rather curious one. Why our countrymen in Paris should give up their projected national celebration on account of the death of any foreign prince or potentate, was a question that seemed to them much easier asked than answered.

A friend of ours who was in Paris at the time, recently gave us an explanation of the whole affair, and we have thought a brief recital of it would prove rather amusing to the readers of THE POST.

It seems there were two distinct celebrations arranged for the Fourth, by the Americans in Paris. One was to be a Picnic in the afternoon, with Fireworks in the evening; and the other was to be a regular dinner with music, toasts and speeches. There was a little rivalry between the two plans of celebration, but not so much as to prevent many persons from arranging to attend both.

When the news came of the death of Maximilian, and the French Court went into mourning, it was thought best by the projectors of the Picnic to abandon their celebration. What reasons induced them to come to this determination, we can only surmise. The idea of giving up the dinner, however, never occurred to the projectors of that entertainment until brought before them as follows:

A certain American living in Paris, a gentleman whose business brings him in close personal relations with Louis Napoleon, called upon the Committee of Arrangements, and informed them that under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the Emperor would be greatly obliged if the proposed Fourth of July celebration were abandoned. Said gentleman did not even know whether this request was not to be looked upon somewhat in the light of a command—he was not certain that our countrymen would even be allowed to go on with their dinner if they determined upon so doing.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The arrangements had all been made, music engaged, dinner ordered—and what good excuse for an abandonment of the affair could be given to the world. Our countrymen might lament the death of the Austrian Prince—but what good reason was that for not celebrating the anniversary of their country's independence?

Besides, dear readers—do not laugh!—about a hundred ladies were to be present—and these had generally procured new silks, laces and trimmings, and made positive arrangements with the hair-dressers to fix them up in the most killing and patriotic style for the grand occasion. The ladies—just as despotic in their sphere as Louis Napoleon in his—would not hear to such a thing as giving up the celebration. It must go on—and let the Emperor stop it if he dared!

Moreover, one chivalric gentleman of the Committee, declared his purpose to have the dinner, if he were the only one present, and he had to drink all the wine, read all the toasts, make all the speeches, and pay all the expenses himself!

To make a long story short, the distinguished American resident in Paris was told to his teeth—both natural and artificial—that the thing the Emperor asked was simply impossible. The dinner would have to go on. And the matter having been thus determined, the distinguished American resident aforesaid, it must be acknowledged, behaved very courteously, and avowed his determination to use all his influence with the Emperor to induce him not to interfere with the patriotic ceremonies.

And the dinner went off—with the usual toasts and wine-bibbing and eloquent declamation—Philadelphia, with her learned Judge, and distinguished Editor, and eloquent Counsellor, taking the chief honors of the occasion. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the feast—no formidable gens d'armes intruded to disperse the goodly company with the points of their swords or bayonets. Only one little mistake occurred,—and it was really and honestly a mistake—to convulse those who knew the secret history of the affair with laughter.

The third regular toast was "The Emperor of France." And, after this, a famous French tune was to be played. But the Band, although they had the list of pieces all correct, made a mistake, and after the toast to Louis Napoleon had been read, what should break forth upon the ears of the astonished company, but the well-known strains of Yankee-doodle! The President was confounded. It looked like a premeditated crow over the Emperor. The learned Judge could not speak French, the band were going it with enthusiasm, and it was questionable whether it were not as well to let the matter pass, as to attempt to rectify it.

We may remark, in conclusion, that it probably was the object of Louis Napoleon to create an impression in Europe that the Americans in general regarded the execution of Maximilian with the most profound horror. Of course we do not suppose that he ever seriously designed any governmental interference with the Fourth of July celebration. For such an interference, while it would not have produced the effect which he desired in Europe, would seriously have compromised him with the public opinion of America.

DEATH OF MRS. SPENCER.

It becomes our painful duty to inform the readers of THE POST of the death of Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer. After leaving THE POST, Mrs. Spencer went with her husband, General George E. Spencer, to California. After remaining there for a time, Gen. Spencer returned to this side of the continent, and obtained a government appointment in the South West. The *Tuscaloosa (Alabama) Observer* of August 2 contains the following sad announcement:—

DIED—In this city, August 1, 1867, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer, wife of General George E. Spencer, in the 27th year of her age.

Thus has a gifted lady, in the flower and promise of womanhood, been suddenly snatched from earth to the beatitudes of Heaven.

Mrs. Spencer was born in London, England, December 1, 1840, but in early infancy came to this country, where, in 1862, she was married. She was a woman of fine culture, and literary talents and acquirements. As an authoress, she wrote several works of fiction, which have been quite popular, contributed to different magazines, and, a year or two ago, was connected with the editorial department of the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*. For several years she was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and lived the beauties and enjoyed the felicities of the religion which she professed; and when the voice of her Saviour came to her saying, "Come up hither," she calmly and sweetly obeyed. The virtues of her life, and the hopes from the Cross, lit up the "Valley and Shadow," and ushered her, no doubt, into the light of Heaven. Though she died amongst strangers, kind hands soothed in her suffering, and paid her the last tributes of respect.

We learn in addition to the above, that "the bar of Tuscaloosa county passed resolutions on the day of her death, conveying their sympathy to General Spencer, and attended her funeral in a body; and it appears, from a card published by the General, that all the inhabitants had displayed great kindness to this gifted lady during her illness."

The "*Daily Press*," of this city, says, that "in addition to her intellectual excellence, Mrs. Spencer had the easy and fascinating manners of one used to good society, and great personal beauty and attractions." In truth, Mrs. Spencer was one of those persons who are universally liked, by ladies as well as by gentlemen, by old and young. Children especially loved her. She had travelled extensively through the United States, and had warm friends wherever chance had thrown her for a season. The announcement of her early death will cause a sharp pang in hundreds of hearts.

As a writer, Mrs. Spencer possessed much merit. Her principal works are "Ora, The Lost Wife," and "Tried and True; or, Love and Loyalty," both of which, we believe, have had more than the usual sale. Her stories for the newspapers and magazines are to be counted, we should think, almost by the hundreds—many under her own name, more under assumed signatures.

But it was not so much as a writer as a woman, that Mrs. Spencer was distinguished. She was an admirable talker, a fine performer on the piano and guitar, and a beautiful singer. Never seeking to absorb the attention of the company, she was always ready either to entertain others or to be entertained herself.

And so passes away into the unknown, one of the most beautiful and fascinating women of her time. Common as death is, it is almost strange to think of one so full of life and power and energy, becoming, so far as this earthly being is concerned, cold and still and silent. Oh, proud and queenly soul, into what vast spiritual kingdom, in the infinite mercy of our God, hast thou been conducted?

REFORM IN COOKERY.

We copy below two editorial articles from "THE LADY'S FRIEND," in furtherance of the Great Reform in American Cookery, which is so much needed.

These articles relate particularly to Bread, rightfully called "the staff of life." The receipts given we know to be admirable, but the articles must be prepared according to directions. Very few who have once become accustomed to the wholesome, unfermented warm biscuits prepared from unbolted wheat, rye, or Indian meal, will ever wish to return, so far as breakfast and supper are concerned, either to cold white bread, or to the abominable saleratus biscuits, so popular in many portions of the country.

The iron bread-pans are a necessity. We should consider ours, if others could not be procured, about worth their weight in gold. Where they do not work well, something is in fault—either the range or stove is a poor one, or the flour is bad, or the cook does not adhere to the directions. Of course if the cook is not reasonably amiable and cheerful-minded, she cannot make good bread.

A sour heart and heavy hand,
Will spoil the bread in all the land.

Everybody that has experience knows this. The story of the man who never needed any sugar in his tea—because his wife always looked into the cup while pouring it out, is not altogether apocryphal. And it is of the greatest importance that good humor should be preserved alike in preparing food, and while eating it, if you would have it taste and digest well.

One thing more. Try always to have several kinds of bread on the table. Some persons are peculiar, and cannot eat unbolted meal as a regular thing. For such you need the fine meal. In winter especially, when vegetables and fruits are scarce, let the family have their choice of at least two, and better three, kinds of meal. You can have, for instance, cold white bread, raised with yeast, and warm biscuits made from unbolted meal, and from Indian meal. For summer the biscuits made of rye meal are particularly good—for rye, while nearly as nourishing as wheat, contains less of the warmth-creating elements, and is therefore less heating to the system, and particularly well adapted for summer food. A most admirable quality of rye can be procured in this city, not very much darker than the red wheat; and we know they grow a splendid rye up among the mountains of northern Pennsylvania.

But to our receipts, which we know are good, because we have tested them for months at a time.

THE BEST KIND OF BREAD.

From the Lady's Friend.

During the past season, from apprehension of cholera, prudent people have been unusually careful of their diet, and bread being an important article of food, more heed has been given to its quality. It has seemed to us that fermentation, however well conducted, is rather objectionable. After living for months, upon unfermented bread a family will detect some slight sourness, or at least lack of sweetness in every attempt at raising that is not absolutely perfect. And how rarely a cook can be found that is invariably successful, every housekeeper knows.

All through the past season, beginning in spring, we have used unfermented bread in our family almost entirely, enabled to do so with ease and satisfaction to all, by purchasing the aerated or steam bread, of which there is a large manufactory in Philadelphia, available for miles around. This steam bread is made of the purest white flour, and for those who prefer that kind of article, is perfection. But in addition, and for variety, we have every morning for breakfast a kind of warm biscuit that we think only needs to be known to be almost universally liked. No invention of ours, but months of successful practice enable us to speak with authority as to its merits. Very likely we have at some time given the current receipt, but here is our own formula.

Provide yourself with one of the iron bread pans that hold a dozen biscuits; two of these, if the family is large—have fresh unbolted meal (we get ten pounds at a time, living near the stores,) and keep a pint cup in the meal-box. Make it a rule that the kitchen fire shall be hot twenty minutes before breakfast; at that time put your pan on the range, (we like to see a red hot surface,) and while it is heating, measure a heaping pint of meal into a bowl, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of salt, and add enough cold milk or water to make a thick batter—it does not take quite a pint, stir it up well, and it is ready. By this time the iron pan will be hot enough to grease, and for this it is best to have for a settled institution, used for nothing else, a pint bowl with some nice beef dripping in the bottom, and for using it a wad of white muslin tied on to the end of a stick. A common paint brush, the brush covered with muslin, we have found very convenient, as from its pliancy it adapts itself expeditiously to all the recesses of the fluted biscuit cups. Use plenty of dripping, so that a little is frizzing in the bottom of each cup when you put in the batter, and your biscuits will puff up the better for it.

Put a spoonful of batter, (the large spoon you have been mixing it with) in each of the dozen cups, and set the pan at once in the oven if you have a hot one—if not, leave them a minute or two baking on top of the range; then, before they burn, transfer them to the front of the fire, placed slanting before it, hoe-cake fashion, and the top will brown finely. After they are out of the way, the rest of the breakfast, coffee, tea, and chocolate, beefsteak and potatoes, or whatever else you want can be prepared—fifteen minutes is ample time for all, and the whole will be ready together—a breakfast fit for a king.

We are in the habit of suiting various tastes by making one pan of brown, and one of yellow cakes; these last made of half a pint of Indian meal, and half a tea-cup of white flour with a little salt, scalded with enough boiling milk to make a thick batter, and baked as the others; this quantity of meal will make a dozen biscuits—Indian meal swells so much when scalded. Boiling water from the teakettle answers very well—the difference will hardly be noticed; success in baking is the grand point.

And to insure this, the head of the family, or some intelligent, capable person must give it her personal attention for a while, until the process is an established routine. The right way is really as easy as the wrong, but ignorant, heedless servants never think so, and it is necessary to get them well into the traces of habit, after which all but the incorrigible will trot along orderly enough. What housekeeper is there who could not give twenty minutes of her time every morning for the healthful gratification of her family? And the whole thing can be done in gloves—the most delicate hands need not suffer.

"But are the biscuits good?" some incredulous lover of double refined white bread, may ask. We have seen too many conversions of this sort to doubt what the general verdict would be with a fair trial. The strongest cases are those of our Irish help, who as a rule will not call anything bread that is not made of the finest and whitest flour. We have smiled inwardly to see them, when two or three brown biscuits happen to be left from the family meal, place them carefully in the oven to warm for their own delectation.

Of course, the crowning recommendation of this bread is its healthfulness. Those who become accustomed to it do not feel that they give their digestive system fair play by imposing upon it anything more trying. We have tried beating up eggs to make the brown cakes lighter and more palatable, but though these were unquestionably good, the addition was voted almost unanimously to be no improvement. The simple article relishes best. And as it is, without doubt, most wholesome, the question of trying to make it better by expensive additions, is about settled.

Speaking of expense, it strikes us that there must be a signal economy in thus getting all the nutrition that is in the grain, without the usual abatements, first of bolting, and afterwards of fermentation. Not having thought of it in that light, we are not ready with comparative calculations, but the fact is that two pans of biscuit, prepared as we have described, make a hearty meal for a family of eight; and less than a quart of flour is certainly a moderate provision for bread for that number.

RYE BREAD.

Rye bread is a pleasant kind for summer, as it is in its nature cooler than other kinds. Warm rye biscuits with good butter, and coffee, tea, chocolate or milk, will be found by many a satisfactory and sufficient breakfast in warm weather, without any additional relish except fresh fruit. And whatever delicacy of the season—fish, flesh or fowl—may be supplemented, it is certainly no substitute for good bread, the comfort and economy of which can hardly be exaggerated.

A favorite kind with us is made thus:—Measure a heaping pint of meal—half unbolted wheat, half rye—into a large bowl, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of salt, and add enough cold milk to make a thin batter. Stir together and beat well for a few minutes—put into the hot biscuit-pans, a large spoonful in each cup, and set in a hot oven. In fifteen or twenty minutes they will be done, when they can be put upon the table if it is breakfast time; if not, wrap them in a bread-cloth. The latter plan we prefer, not liking them too hot.

RYE BISCUITS—UNFERMENTED.

One quart of rye meal, dessert-spoonful of salt, about a pint of milk; beat up well and pour into the hot pans. These are light and excellent—the very best for hot weather.

RYE AND INDIAN CAKES.

Measure half a pint of corn meal in a bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt, scald with boiling water from the kettle, stir and beat the mush so formed until it is perfectly smooth, thin with cold milk, and add half a pint of rye meal, making a thin batter. The lightness and delicacy of all these cakes depend upon the batter being thin, as we have found by trial.

RYE PUFFS.

Wash four eggs (that the shells may be clean for clearing coffee), break them—the yolks into a large bowl, the whites on a flat dish separately; hand these to an assistant to be beaten to a foam; beat the yolks, add a pint of milk and a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in rye meal, lastly the foaming whites, and get them into the oven quickly. This makes two dozen biscuits. They are very much liked, but most of the family prefer the first receipt—mixed unbolted meal and rye—a cheaper and more wholesome kind, and as light, which can hardly be believed without a trial.

If you prefer bread made with yeast, try the following:—

RYE BISCUIT.

One quart of meal, dessert-spoonful of salt, half a teacup of yeast, and milk enough to make a batter the consistency of muffins. Set these at night, and in the morning put them into the heated pans. They bake quickly; and this is a very easy, convenient way of having warm biscuits for breakfast. We have had them with general approval, until one unlucky night the yeast or the weather, or some mishap incident to fermentation, made the cakes sour, after which nobody wanted that kind.

FLAPPERS OF RYE AND INDIAN.

Put a pint of corn meal into a large bowl, and a dessert-spoonful of salt; scald with boiling water from the kettle, beat up the mush smooth, thin with milk, add half a pint of rye meal, and bake on a griddle—a large spoonful for each cake. The batter should be as thin as can be turned on the griddle. So made, a connoisseur pronounces them as rich and delicate as the nicest pancakes. Whenever we hear of any one not liking corn meal, we think it doubtful that they have been fairly tried. Very few would object to it when nicely prepared.

We vary these corn meal flappers by mixing them sometimes with unbolted meal, sometimes with fine white flour.

The best kind of homemade bread raised with yeast is an excellent thing, and if we did not live in the city, where aerated bread (which is perfection) is obtainable, we should try to have it made regularly as a part of the family fare; but entire success is so difficult, and failure so wasteful, that we are thankful for the great convenience of being able to buy the aerated or steam bread, and so, with the varieties we have described, secure the pleasing of all tastes, and the suiting of all constitutions.

We have given so much space and consideration to the subject of good bread, because it is the most important part of cookery, and because to provide the best is not so much considered a duty by housekeepers as it unquestionably should be. Fail, if you cannot help it, in the pies and cakes and preserves—people can live without them—but never succumb to any obstacles in the way of having good bread.

Mr. Lincoln's Dream.

In the speech recently made by Mr. Pierrepont on the trial of Surratt, the following passage occurs:—

"Mr. Pierrepont said he now came to a strange act in this dark drama—strange, though not new—so wonderful that it seems to come from beyond the veil that separates us from death. It is not new, but it is strange. All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the great Ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, bodings, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming dawn, when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So it was in the days of Saul—when Cæsar was killed—when Brutus died at Phillippi. So it was when Christ was crucified. So it was when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings. So was it when the Czar was assassinated. So was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. In the life of Cæsar, by Dr. Quincy, in the life of Pompey, by Plutarch, is given the portents come to warn Pompey. Here it is we find how Cæsar was warned. We find it true in all cases, and never in the whole history has there been a single instance when the assassin of the head of a government has not been brought to punishment. The assassin of a ruler never has escaped, though he has 'taken the wings of the morning and fled to the uppermost parts of the earth.' On the morning of April 14 Mr. Lincoln called his Cabinet together.

"He had reason to be thankful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said Sherman was all right, but Mr. Lincoln feared and related a dream he had had the night before, a dream which he had had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone river, and whenever a disaster had happened. The members of the Cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A few hours afterwards Sherman was not heard from, but the dream of Lincoln was fulfilled; a disaster had befallen the government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to the God who gave it. The dream was fulfilled."

Can one one tell us what the dream in question was?

☞ Our Western military posts, in 1866, cost the Government $25,000,000, and in 1865, $37,000,000, of which last sum the pay of the troops took only $1,612,000, while the subsistence department swallowed up $31,523,880, and the quartermaster's $23,873,200. It is stated that $150,000,000 will scarcely meet the expenses of the past year.

☞ In England, as well as here, there have been heavy rains lately, and they have caused great apprehensions about the crops. The English harvest, it is thought, would only be an average one—and that country was beginning to look to the United States for a supply of food.

The Married Life of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria.

The long expected volume, prepared under the directions of Queen Victoria, and entitled "The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," has just appeared in London. It was prepared under the superintendence of the Queen, by Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. C. Grey; but others which are to follow will be edited by Mr. Theodore Martin. The translation of the Prince's letters are, with a few merely verbal corrections, by the Princess Helena.

The possibility of a marriage between the Queen and the Prince was, it seems, fondly looked forward to by the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg from a very early period, and the Prince used to relate that "when he was a child of three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen; and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." As the children grew up this idea was warmly encouraged by the King of the Belgians, from whom, indeed the Queen first heard of it; but the idea of such a marriage met with much opposition, and the late King William IV. did everything in his power to discourage it. No fewer than five other marriages had been contemplated for the young Princess; and the King, though he never mentioned the subject to the Princess herself, was especially anxious to bring about an alliance between her and the late Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, brother to the present King of Holland. In his anxiety to effect this object he did everything he could, though ineffectually, to prevent the Duke of Coburg's visit to England in 1836, when he came over with his sons and spent nearly four weeks at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. Queen Adelaide, in later years, said to the Queen that if she had told the King that it was her own earnest wish to marry her cousin, and that her own happiness depended on it, he would at once have given up his opposition to it, as he was very fond of and always very kind to his niece. It was then that the Queen and Prince met for the first time, and Her Majesty thus records her impressions of the visit:

The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterward. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry—full of interest in everything, playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin—drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, where he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet 17 years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon.

It was probably in the early part of 1838 that the King of the Belgians, in writing to the Queen, first mentioned the idea of such a marriage. Both the Prince and his father seem to have objected from the first to the proposal that a few years should elapse before the marriage should take place, he being then 18 years of age. "I am ready," he said to King Leopold, "to submit to this delay if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But, if after waiting perhaps for three years I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would to a certain extent ruin all the prospects of my future life." The Queen says she never entertained any idea of this, and she afterward repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She expresses, however, great regret that she had not after her accession kept up her correspondence with her cousin as she had done before it. "Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, or until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about. The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen regnant, at the age of 18, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at 18 without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

In October, 1839, the visit to England was paid which decided the fate of the young Prince's life. Prince Albert was accompanied by his brother, and both were charged with a letter from the King of the Belgians to the Queen, in which he recommended them to her kindness.

The volume then proceeds to describe the reception given by the Queen to the Princes, and the way of life at Windsor during their stay. They arrived on the 10th of October, and on the 14th the Queen told Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to the marriage. The courtier statesman expressed his great satisfaction. An intimation was given to the Prince that the Queen wished to speak to him next day. On that day, the 15th, the Prince had been out hunting with his brother, but returned at 12, and half an hour afterward obeyed the Queen's summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects the Queen told him why she had sent for him; "and we can well understand," writes Gen. Grey, "any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so, for the Queen's position making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage instead of having to offer it herself." The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer "without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection." The Queen told him to fetch his brother Ernest, which he did.

The Queen announces what had taken place in the following letter to the King of Belgium:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Oct. 15, 1839.

MY DEAREST UNCLE:—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done toward me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest Uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest Uncle, your devoted Niece

"V. R."

The King replied that the Queen's choice had been "for these last years" his conviction of what would be best for her happiness.

"In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable 'Interieur.' And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

"You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say *all*, will depend on your affection for him. If you *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this."

From Prince Albert's own letters we learn something more of this interesting interview. In a letter to his grandmother he writes:

The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (Erguss von Herzlichkeit und Liebe) that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (uberglucklich) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together. Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible.

In another letter to a college friend he says: You know how matters stood when I last saw you here. After that the sky was darkened more and more. The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm resolution to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair. It was not, however, thus ordained by Providence, for on the second day after our arrival the most friendly demonstrations were directed toward me, and two days later I was secretly called to a private audience, in which the Queen offered me her hand and heart. The strictest secrecy was required. Ernest alone knew of it, and it was only at our departure that I could communicate my engagement to my mother.

Many interesting passages from the Queen's journal are then given relating to the announcement of the marriage to the Privy Council and the Parliament, and the preliminary arrangements. After the Prince returned to Germany the Queen corresponded constantly with him. The Queen seems to have been indignant at the time with the proceedings in Parliament relative to the grant which was ultimately voted to the Prince. But the Prince himself, it is said, soon understood the nature of our political parties, and that "the proceedings in Parliament were only the result of high party feeling, and were by no means to be taken as marks of personal disrespect or want of kind feeling toward himself."

After the marriage, which took place on the 10th of February, 1840, the separation from his father, who returned on the 28th, was deeply felt by the Prince. "He said to me," the Queen records in her journal, "that I have never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy. Ernest (the hereditary prince, who remained for some time in England after his brother's marriage) he said was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections, but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for it all. He never cried, he said, in general, but Alvensleben and Kolowrath (they had accompanied the Duke to England, and now left with him) had cried so much that he was quite overcome. Oh, how I did feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment! Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

The Prince disliked the dirt and smoke, and still more the late hours of London, and the Queen records of herself that she soon began to share his love of the country. In an entry in her journal, written in 1840, she says:

I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to go to London and wretched to leave it, and now, since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town. This pleased him. The solid pleasures of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all in all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike these sometimes.

As years went on this preference for the country on the part of the Queen grew stronger and stronger, "till residence in London became positively distasteful to her." Her Majesty says, in a note, that it was also injurious to her health, as she suffered much from the extreme weight and thickness of the atmosphere, which gave her the headache. Residence in London was, in fact, "only made endurable by having her beloved husband at her side to share with her and support her in the irksome duties of court receptions and state ceremonials." The Prince, however, was always anxious that the Queen should spend as much of her time as she could in London, though the sacrifice to him was so great.

Gen. Grey, commenting on the beauty of the domestic life of the Royal family, and the freedom of Prince Albert from the vices of former generations of the Royal family, observes:—"Above all, he has set an example for his children from which they may be sure they can never deviate without falling in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing."

When the Princess Royal was born, "for a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son. During the time the Queen was laid up, his care and devotion," the Queen records, "were quite beyond expression." He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her. A memorandum by Her Majesty says:—

No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work, (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements,) this was often done at much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. "In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

The volume closes with the first year of her Majesty's married life; the next will probably commence with an account of the Princess Royal's christening, in the beginning of the year 1841.

Montana.

"The climate of Montana," says a resident of that territory, "is the severest I have ever experienced. The winters are cold and protracted, the thermometer frequently forty degrees below zero, and the weather for days and sometimes weeks without change. Snow falls to a great depth upon the ranges, many of which are perpetually covered. Our communication with the states was cut off for two months last winter by a body of snow varying from the depth of eighteen to forty feet on the main Rocky Mountain range between us and Salt Lake. Our last snow-storm, on the 20th of May last, covered the earth to the depth of two feet. The little summer weather we have is warm and delightful, and the fall, which frequently reaches into December, is equal in purity, mildness and beauty to that of any region upon the earth. The altitude of our city, 6,700 feet above the sea, secures to us an atmosphere of great purity, and so light as very sensibly to affect the breathing apparatus of one who all his life has inhaled the vapors of the states. A peculiarity of this pure atmosphere is that one can see mountains and other conspicuous objects at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, and the actual distance between points seems more than half annihilated to the sense of vision. Seen at a distance of eighteen miles, as it is approached from the direction of Fort Benton, the city of Helena is seemingly not five miles away. The largeness of view afforded by this transparency of atmosphere, embracing long mountain ranges, immense valleys, large rivers, dotted here and there with grotesque-looking hills, covered with pines, imparts to the beholder an idea of grandeur and magnificence which finds no parallel in a survey of the wildest scenery of the states."

The Staff of Life.

Dr. Henry S. Chase, in the Medical Investigator, estimates that a mother and child under eighteen months, together require for the nutrition of the dental and osseous systems, 55 grains per day of phosphate of lime for the former, and 27 grains for the latter. These 82 grains, he says, are contained in 10 ounces of cheese, in 31 ounces of peas, in 35 ounces of fresh mutton, beef, or unbolted wheat flour, or in one hundred and seventy-five ounces of fine flour, such as we commonly use—enough to make a dozen loaves of baker's bread of the largest size. Think of a woman eating a dozen of those loaves daily to sustain the osseous system! It is consoling that bread is a minor item in the diet of most persons. Want of backbone, or any bone at all, would result from a diet of fine wheaten bread, if these calculations are not at fault somewhere. Living on "bread and butter" of this sort is too common, however, among the women and children of America. There is a "fatal facility" about it. We must have a new "staff of life," with more bone in it, and equally handy.

☞ In further proof of the marvellous resources of Southern Missouri, a lode of ready-made watches has been struck on Shepherd Mountain. There were six or seven at hand—one gold, and the others silver. Operations for developing the lode will probably begin immediately. In 1863, says the Enterprise, a jewelry store was robbed of some sixty or seventy watches, and it is possible the ones found are part of the number.

☞ Many who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

☞ TANNING.—The report of the Commissioners having charge of this department of the Paris Exposition, have arrived at a conclusion which will meet the approval of practical chemists regarding the various processes for rapid tanning, namely: That no definite advantage has yet been found in these processes, and the period required remains about the same as before.

The Discovery of America.

Although the world has long ago accepted the discovery of America by Christopher Colon as its true and real discovery, Scandinavia has never consented to this, and still holds that the first finding was by the sons of Jarls and Vikings, and points out daily some new evidences that Europe knew America long before Columbus or Vespucci or their compeers sailed westward. Fresh interest has lately been given to the argument by Prof. Raffinson's journey to the Potomac, where he found on the Arrow Rock an alleged Runic inscription of 1051. This inscription is in six lines, each three inches long, on a rock about five feet high, which has long been overlooked. It says:

"Hir huilir Suesy fagr-hardr sunt Firthingr Ikla Kildi synte Thorg sum fethra half-thirtugr gleda gioda Gud sal henar M. L. I.

"Here rests Suey, fair-haired, (from) East Farther Island (Iceland), (widow) of Kjoldr, sister of Thorgr (children of) same father, (aged) half-thirty, gladden God soul her. 1051."

Human remains and coins were found near the monument.

The Scandinavians claim that an Icelander, named Biorn, in A. D. 1000, was blown away to America. He returned and told Eric the Red of his discovery, who sailed westward five hundred years before Amerigo Vespucci, and found Newfoundland or Vineland. From here they coasted southwardly to Narragansett Bay, where they spent a whole season, returned, and sent another colony. In 1221, Eric, a Bishop, visited the new see. Before that, commerce was maintained between the colony and mother country, and 1406 the last Bishop was sent westwardly. There were then three hundred Scandinavian villages in America, which were soon lost sight of. When increasing cold blocked Greenland from Iceland, Vineland was deserted, and its inhabitants were left to care for themselves, and so were speedily lost.

In 1117 a Saga was found at an old college in Iceland, which described the adventures of the Normemen in America, and told where they settled and what they did. The Saga was in Latin, full and complete, and described a burial in particular. It purports to say what Harvarder found south of Vineland, and how a woman, daughter of Snerri, was killed by the Skraelings, or Indians, near some great falls. Sir Thomas Murray said, judging from the recorded lengths of day and night, that this murder was on the Chesapeake Bay, in the Potomac river, and not far from Washington. Mr. Raffinson, M. Lequereaux, Prof. Brand and Dr. Boyce examined the spot, in accordance with the Saga, and found, in June last, the Runic inscription, which, as they claim, verifies the story.

It certainly is singular that after so many centuries of rest the dead should rise in their graves and claim from Columbus and Amerigo and their followers a renown which has not been questioned to them in the lapse of so many centuries. There are no vital interests concerned. There are no antiquarian theories of great moment resolved in this alleged discovery. But there will certainly be something quaint and curious in those proofs, should they be made such, which establish that the sons of the old Jarls and Vikings fished in our waters, hunted our fields and tilled our lands down to the Chesapeake long before Miles Standish drew breath, or John Smith bent a bow, or Penn sought a new home, and even before Columbus had shown that an egg may stand upon either end. The interest among the Scandinavians is likely to be strong, and we shall haply welcome thousands more to follow the steps of their great leader and antetype.

A Boot Taken in Evidence.

A novel method of keeping accounts was developed at a trial in West Troy, N. Y., recently. James Hunter, an illiterate man who swore upon the trial that he could not read or write, sued Thomas Wells for services in cutting lumber from Slab City to Utica. The counsel for Wells asked Hunter how he could swear so positively to the number of days' work, twenty-nine, when he was unable to read and write and keep an account of the services? The witness replied that after every day's labor he cut a notch in the top of his boot, and there were twenty-nine of these notches. Hunter's counsel then directed the ingenious accountant to pull off his boot, which he did, exhibiting the account to the somewhat astonished gaze of the court. He then presented the boot in evidence; the same was accepted, and Hunter recovered the amount of compensation claimed for the twenty-nine days' labor. This mode of keeping accounts rather beats the old chalk lines upon the cellar-door.

THE MERMAID IN CHARLESTON.—It was recently reported in Charleston, that a mermaid, which had been washed ashore by the high tides, had been captured and taken to a certain drug store in that town. In consequence, according to a Charleston paper, the druggist's doors were, in less than half an hour, "besieged by crowds of freedmen and a few white visitors, determined to see the wonderful though apocryphal denizen of the deep." It was next reported that "pilot-boat Wild Cat had just come in with a message from outside, stating that, unless the mermaid was brought and delivered over the bar within twenty-four hours, there would be dreadful doings in the city of Charleston at the expiration of that time." Some of the freedmen proposed a rescue, and "the crowd at last became so furious and threatening, that the proprietor of the establishment was compelled to ask for a squad of policemen to protect his premises."

☞ Louis Kossuth declines a seat in the Hungarian Parliament, conferred upon him by the electors of Waitzen.

☞ If you would have your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all around you will feel so.

☞ The visit of the Empress Eugenie to Queen Victoria continued for two days. The Empress returned to France on July 24th. As usual with all movements of foreign sovereigns, there are various speculations as to the object of the visit, and the wisest guess was, that it was "simply a matter of private friendship."

☞ The last freak of fashion, the London Medical Press says, is the abolition of the pearl powder, rouge, and white lead that have so long reigned. Even belladona is to be discarded at Paris, and "golden hair" will soon become a rare commodity. The decree has gone forth for black hair and bronze complexions, and they are henceforth to be produced, no matter at what expense. To give a lady of fashion a complexion of gipsy, nothing is needed but a little walnut juice; but whether a dirty face will long be the rage, the Medical Press says it would be rash to predict.

The Surratt Trial.

Washington, August 10.—The jury in the Surratt case could not agree, and have just been discharged by Judge Fisher. They stood four for conviction, and eight for acquittal.

Judge Fisher has dismissed Mr. Bradley from the right to practise at the bar of the Criminal Court, and Mr. Bradley has challenged the Judge to meet him in a duel. It is probable that Bradley will be arrested before any harm is done, and put under bonds.

Inconsistency.

How strange a thing it is, that some men will engage in a business for which their nature wholly unfits them! An unaccommodating man, for instance, who is too indolent, too proud, or too indifferent to make himself agreeable to customers, should never turn shopkeeper. Yet how many do it! That kind of man, too, should never become the landlord of a tavern or hotel. Yet how many do it! They inevitably meet with no success in business, because more urbane, obliging, and pleasing dealers absorb their custom; but still the error is repeated, and people rush into business now because it "pays," just as they used to do, and without pausing to consider whether their manners, habits, address, &c., adapted to invite prosperity, or render it next to impossible.

☞ David Rittenhouse Porter, formerly Governor of Pennsylvania, died on Tuesday, at his residence in Harrisburg, in the 79th year of his age.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 636 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—any from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—One pot of this peerless Salve will cure the worst case of Chilblains, and it is more efficacious for chapped hands and lips than all the cold creams that ever were made. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of June, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, RICHARD HERRIMAN to MATILDA RICHARDS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, GEORGE R. ALLEN to A. MADALINE BOWERS, both of this city.

On the 18th of July, 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH STEVENSON to Miss MARGARET KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON to Miss EMMA M. ROBERTON, both of this city.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr WILLIAM H. STATZEL to Miss EMMA J. YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 18th of July, by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, Mr. GEORGE W. GUNGAR, Esq., to Miss EMMA L. GILBERT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARTHA ENGLISH, in her 66th year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES CARDUN, in his 59th year.

On the 5th instant, Capt. ROBERT G. LELAR, in his 53d year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. AMANDA M. AYERS, in her 36th year.

On the 6th instant, STEPHEN WOOLSTON, in his 66th year.

On the 4th instant, Dr. JOHN BURTON, in his 83d year.

On the 3d instant, ANN, widow of the late Geo. N. Baker.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM MELLON, in his 36th year.

On the 2d instant, JOHN RICHARDS, in his 73d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 20 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving, - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One *of* Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

MY LONG BRANCH SONG.

Oh, sweet, silver nights that shine over the sea,
Oh, bright stars searching the depths below,
Down, down where the caverns of coral be,
Down, down where the beautiful sea flowers blow.

Reaching for wonderful sparkle and light
Lustre and flesh of the sea gems rare,
Tell me, I pray, have you found there to-night
The shine of my sailor boy's golden hair?

Have you seen, in some shadowy, purple cave,
A fair, sleeping face upturned to the sky,
Two white ears deaf to the high, ringing wave,
Two white lips forgetting to speak or sigh?

Would I were a star, and I'd tremble for aye
Over the sea in the wild night air;
Not to find light in the sea gem's spray,
But to bless my eyes with that face so fair.

Not to make sparkle the sea elves' eyes,
Nor woo the soft splendor of ocean pearls,
But to nestle and creep where a low head lies,
And sleep in the sailor boy's golden curls.

Oh, silverest star, that shines out in the west,
You may find, if you will, that charmed spot in the sea;
Reach down with your calm eyes and brighten his rest,
And kiss him, and bless him, and watch him for me.

HOME GUARDS.—During the last stage of the war, says the Richmond Enquirer, while the Confederate army was retreating through South Carolina, Sergeant McD——, of Western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M——, where a regiment of home guards was stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly inquiring the news. "News!" said Mack, solemnly; "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance; old Hardee burnt up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands." Mack walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

☞ A San Francisco paper thus records an impudent practical joke: "We fear that the young amusement seekers of Vallejo are badly demoralized. There is not much fun in this little town, but when there is, the boys play *Masquerade Ball* tricks on the doorkeeper. We learn that at the Catholic Fair, in Vallejo, two boys procured season tickets and went into the hall together; one came out with both tickets and took in a third boy, and repeating the process, the hall was filled with boys, and only two tickets were used."

☞ "Sir," said the victim of an assault, "did you mean it when you kicked me down stairs, or was it a practical joke?" "I meant it, sir!" was the immediate response. "I am glad to hear it," was the rejoinder; "I don't like such practical jokes."

☞ The world's experience preaches in vain; every man thinking himself an exception to all general rules.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told.

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

The Feelings of the Dead.

"In the winter of 1857," said Mr. H——, "there was a great deal of typhus fever in Edinburgh. It was a gloomy, sad winter, changing frequently from hard frost to warm, rainy, oppressive weather; and never did my native city, better deserve the name of *Auld Reekie* than during nearly four months of that year. The high winds, to which we are generally subjected in winter, seemed to have ceased altogether: the smoke, instead of rising, beat down upon the city; and, notwithstanding its elevated situation, and fine mountain air, the streets and houses were so murky dark that there was little difference between the short, dim day and the long and early night. A sort of oppression fell upon all men's spirits, which was increased by the floating rumors of the awful ravages of disease in the town, brought home to us, every now and then, by the death of an acquaintance, friend or relation. Gradually the fever increased in virulence, and extended far and wide, till it became almost a pestilence. It confined itself to no class or age. Judges, lawyers, physicians, were smitten as well as the humbler classes: old and young fell alike before it. Many good men in the ministry were taken away. It assumed the worst form of all, however, in the prisons of the city, and the account of its ravages within their walls was tremendous. As the minister of the —— Kirk, I was not absolutely called upon to attend the prisoners; but I heard that two of my brethren had died, in consequence of their zealous care of the poor souls within those heavy walls. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of the clergy could be found to attend to their spiritual wants, and I volunteered to visit the prisons daily myself. For nearly a fortnight I continued in the performance of the functions I had undertaken, without suffering in the least, except mentally, from witnessing the sufferings of others. But one Saturday night, as I returned home through the very gloomy streets, I felt a lassitude upon me, an utter prostration of strength, which forced me to stop twice, in order to rest, before I reached my own door. I attributed it to excessive fatigue; for I was without the slightest apprehension, and never at all looked forward to the coming calamity. When I reached home, I could not eat; my appetite was gone. But that I attributed also to fatigue, and I went quietly to bed. During the night, however, intense pain in the back and in the forehead succeeded; a burning heat spread all over me; my tongue became parched and dry; my mind wandered slightly; and, instead of rising to preach, as I intended, I was obliged to lie still, and send for a physician with the first ray of the morning light. His visit is the last thing I recollect for several days. I remember his ordering all the windows to be opened, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, and causing saucers, filled with some disinfecting fluid, to be placed in different parts of the room, in order to guard my wife and children against the infection. I then, for the first time, discovered that I had caught the fever. I remember little more—for violent delirium set in soon—till suddenly, after a lapse of several days, I regained my consciousness, and with it a conviction that I was dying. My wife was kneeling, weeping, by my bedside; two physicians and a nurse were present; and it was strange, after the dull state of perfect insensibility in which I had lain during the last twenty-four hours, how completely all my senses had returned, how keen were all my perceptions, how perfect my powers of thought and reason. In my very healthiest days, I never remember to have had so complete command of all my mental faculties as at that moment. But I was reduced to infant weakness; and there was a sensation of sinking faintness, not confined to any one part, or organ, but spreading over my whole frame, which plainly announced to me that the great event was coming. They gave me some brandy in teaspoonful; but it had no other effect than to enable me to utter a few words of affection and consolation to my wife, and then the power of speech departed altogether. The sensation that succeeded I cannot describe. Few have felt it. But I have conversed with one or two who have experienced the same, and I never found one who, either by a figure or by direct language, could convey any notion of it. The utmost I can say is, that it was a feeling of extinction. Fainting is very different. This was dying, and a single moment of perfect unconsciousness succeeded.

"Every one believed me dead. My eyes were closed, and weights put upon them. The lower jaw, which remained dropped, was bound up with a black ribbon. My wife was hurried from the room, sobbing sadly; and there I lay, motionless, voiceless, sightless; growing colder, and more cold, my limbs benumbed, my heart without pulsation, dead, all but in spirit, and with but one corporeal faculty in its original acuteness. Not only did my hearing remain perfect and entire, but it seemed to be quickened, and rendered ten times more sensitive than ever. I could hear sounds in the house, at a distance from my chamber, which had never reached me there before. The convulsive sobbing of my wife in a distant room; the murmured conversation of the physicians in a chamber below; the little feet of my children treading with timid steps as they passed the chamber of death; and the voice of the nurse saying, 'Hush, my dear, hush,' as the eldest wept aloud in ascending the stairs.

"There was an old woman left with a light, to watch with the dead body, and I cannot tell you how painful to me was her moving about the room, her muttering to herself, and her heavy snoring when she fell asleep. But more terrible anguish was in store. On the following morning, the undertaker came to measure me for my coffin. Although, as I have said, I was all benumbed, yet I had a faint remnant of feeling, which made me know when anything touched me, and a consciousness as perfect as in the highest days of health. You can fancy, better than I can tell, what I endured, as I felt the man's measure run over my body to take the precise size for the awful receptacle that was to carry me to the grave. Then came the discussion of half an hour between him and the old crone in the chamber, in regard to black gloves and hat-bands. I am really ashamed of myself when I remember the sensations I experienced. I never felt so unchristian in my life, as I did then, when lying, to all appearance dead; and the worst of it all was, I could not master those sensations. Will seemed to be at an end, even when consciousness remained entire. After that, what I most distinctly remember, was a long, dull blank. Fancy the room was left vacant, for I had no perceptions. The spirit was left to itself. Its only remaining organ of communication with the material world had nothing to act upon, and thought was all in all. But thought was intensely terrible. True, thought was concentrated altogether upon one subject. Every man has much to repent of. Every man who believes, has much to hope and to fear in the presence of another world. But repentance, hope, fear—I tell you the plain truth—another world itself, never came into my mind. They seemed to have died away from memory, with that extinction of will of which I have spoken. All I thought of then, was, that I was lying there living, and was about to be buried with the dead. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which we seem grasped by some monster, or some assassin, and struggle to shriek or to resist, but have neither power to utter a sound nor to move a limb.

"I will not dwell much upon the farther particulars. The coffin was brought into the room; I was dressed in my grave-clothes; I was moved into that narrow bed, stiff, and rigid as a stone, with agony of mind which I thought must have awakened some power in the cold, dull mass which bound up my spirit. One whole night I lay there in the coffin, hearing the tick of the clock upon the stairs—filled with strange and wild impressions—doubting whether I were really dead or whether I were living—longing to see and know if my flesh were actually corrupting—fancying that I felt the worm. The morning broke; a dim, gray light found its way through my closed eyelids; and about an hour after I heard the step of the undertaker and another man in the room. One of them dropped something heavily on the floor, and a minute after they came close to the coffin, and the undertaker asked his assistant for the screw-driver. It was the last instant of hope, and all was agony. Suddenly I heard my wife's step quite at the foot of the stairs. 'Oh, God! she will never let them!' I thought. 'She who loved me so well, and who was so dearly loved!'

"She came very slowly up the stairs, and the step paused at the door. I fancied I could almost see her, pale and trembling, there. The undertaker asked, in a loud voice, for the coffin-lid. But the door opened, and Isabella's voice exclaimed, half choked with tears, 'Oh, not yet—not yet! Let me look at him once again.'

"Love and sorrow spoke in every tone. My spirit thanked her, and never had I felt such ardent love for her as then. But the idea of living burial was still pre-eminent. If she took that last look and left me, all was over. My anguish was beyond all description. It seemed to rouse my spirit to some great, tremendous effort. I tried to groan, to speak, to cry, to move, even to breathe. Suddenly, in that great agony, a single drop of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. It felt like molten iron pouring through the skin. But the deadly spell was broken. My arms struggled within their covering; I partly raised my head, and opened my eyes wide.

"A loud, long shriek rang through the room, and my wife cast herself upon the coffin, between me and the hateful covering the man held up in his hands.

"I need not tell you all that followed—for here I am, alive and in perfect health. But I have never recovered my original color, and have ever remained as sallow as you see me now. The event, however, has been a warning to me. In many cases, previously, I had calmly seen people hurried very early to the grave; but ever since, wherever I had influence, I have prevented the dead from being buried before some signs of corruption presented themselves; for I am perfectly convinced that those signs are the only real tests of death."

☞ QUEER OBITUARY.—The following obituary notice recently appeared in a German paper:—

"My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and, if he had, it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."—*Mrs. Maria W. Schlamm.*

☞ A young man called at the city clerk's office in New Bedford, a day or two since, and asked for a "death warrant." The astonished clerk assured him that he dealt in no such documents. "Well," said the fellow, "give me a marriage certificate; it amounts to about the same thing." The Mercury hopes that youth will catch a Tartar.

☞ Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

Six Love-Letters.

"Are there any more of those letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on his shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her heart I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only—" gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place, Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music master on any pretence."

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees:

"Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know). I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Half-a-dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"'Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla.'

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in his silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him!—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!—I—"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy!" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly, and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

A Strange Story.

Strange stories have been from time to time related of jewels, rings, and even watches, found in fishes when bought and opened, and subsequently returned to their owner. Whether or not these stories be true, we, of course, cannot say, but we vouch for the entire truth of the following, related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners. Though expectant of something strange as a *finale*, they were by no means prepared for the actual *denouement*:—

"It was one summer twilight," said he, "that, standing on a rustic bridge which spanned a well-known trout stream near my father's house, I won from the girl I had long loved, the promise to be my wife. She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field; so, to make the matter sure to myself and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring which she had often declared she would give only to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger.

"'It was my mother's engagement ring,' said she, half in earnest and half playfully, 'and there is a superstition connected with it. So long as you keep and wear it, we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the engagement is broken. So take care.'

"Some weeks after, she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to haunt that favorite spot on the bridge which had been our trysting-place. Once, leaning over the railing and thinking over our betrothal, I took from my finger the treasured ring, and gazed fondly on the initials—hers as well as her mother's—engraven within. In attempting to replace it, the golden circlet fell from my grasp, and disappeared in the waters below.

"Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and night I mourned, disconsolate, my lost treasure, and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing. Yet, strange to say, I had a singular presentiment or intuition that I should some day recover it, though by what means I had no idea.

"Not long after fishing in the same stream, some distance below the bridge, I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up—and just then there was a quiver, a tug, a pull, and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the thought suddenly and unaccountably flashed into my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found in his body. I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that it was heightened into almost a conviction when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard, foreign substance.

"I seized my large pocket clasp-knife. Eagerness made me cruel, yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with a trembling hand, ripped open his body and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and—yes, I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings when, with a beating heart and trembling hand, I drew forth—"

"'The ring, uncle?' breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"'No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!'"

The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

☞ Don't send for an adviser with the mere view of being confirmed in your own opinion. You might as well send for a doctor, and prescribe to him what medicines he ought to order.

☞ An army, like water, stagnates by rest, and is kept fresh by motion.

BURIED CHILDREN.

Sometimes when the day grows dusky,
And the stars begin to come,
When the children from their playing
Come singing and laughing home,
I think, with a sudden sorrow,
As they press through the open door,
Of the face of the lovely children
That we never shall see any more.

Children in snow-white caskets,
Laid away to their rest,
Their still hands lying folded
Over the pulseless breast!
Children who came and tarried
As only it were for a night,
And passed, at the break of the morning,
On a far journey out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey,
Where we could not help or hold,
For we saw but the closing of eyelids,
The fading of locks of gold;
And knew how now was silence,
Where once had been prattle and song;
And only a child and a shadow
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and caresses,
"God knows where they are," they say,
And we know that we tarry behind them
Only a little way;
For we, too, haste in our journey,
And we know it will not be long
Till we come to the city eternal,
The rest and the rapture of song.

Yet oft, when the sun is setting
In unspeakable splendor of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretch into the night,
When the children, tired with playing,
Come in through the open door,
I think of the dear, dear children,
Who never will come any more.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER L.

MR. MOSS IS SKEPTICAL.

"I leave it to you, of course, my lord, to act as you think proper," said Mr. Moss, pacing to and fro along the little railway platform at Shellton by the side of his tall client; "but if you ask my advice—"

"I do not ask it. Let the man alone, and let the woman alone, and leave me to deal with the matter in my own way," said Lord Ulswater with an irritability that was not usual with him. He was not often rude to an inferior. His habitual courtesy had stood him in good stead in many a strait, and he was too wise not to know that the manner of doing is often of more consequence than the nature of what is done. But something—could it be the varnish and gloss of gracious gentle chivalry, the gilding that covered the hardness beneath—was wearing very thin as concerned John, Lord Ulswater.

Mr. Moss, attorney-at law, was not offended. He could comprehend his client's excitement. The news which he had himself brought down from London was of a kind, as he shrewdly guessed, to cause much mental perturbation to his noble client, albeit it was at Lord Ulswater's express desire that he had left no stone unturned to discover what his employer wished to know. He had telegraphed from London to announce his intention of bringing the tidings in person to St. Pagans; but Lord Ulswater, probably unwilling to endure Lady Harriet's comments on a second visit from the Old Jewry practitioner, had preferred to meet the latter at the station.

"You are sure, Moss, there is no mistake?" asked Lord Ulswater again, after a space of silence.

"Quite sure. That boy Ike is about the sharpest-eyed young gonoph in all London," answered Mr. Moss confidently. "He was but a youngster when Dandy Jem left England for the benefit of his health; but he has a capital memory for faces, and may perhaps one day be valuable in a Private Inquiry Office."

"And the place—yes, here it is, the written address," said the client, taking from his pocket a folded piece of paper. "Quite right, Moss. I thank you."

They walked together for a little time more silently. Mr. Moss took more than one stealthy look at his noble friend as the latter strode slowly by his side, with downcast eyes, compressed lips, and his hat pulled over his brows. How very stern and pale he was, the lawyer thought. How much of the bloom of youth seemed, in the course of the last few weeks or months, to have gone from him. He had seemed younger, healthier, happier, when he had unexpectedly called at the attorney's office, on the morrow of his great speech in the House of Lords. Was that day years ago? One might have thought so by the change that passion, care, and sleeplessness had wrought so rapidly. That was not the worst of it. Mr. Moss was not sentimental enough to care for the looks of his clients, ill or well; that was a matter for themselves and their doctors; but Lord Ulswater had a something indefinable about him; something that Mr. Moss, in his thoughts, could only classify by the vague word "dangerous." He had a lowering look like that of a thunder-storm rolling heavily up before the hot south wind, and it was hard to calculate on whose head the stroke might descend, flashing, fulminant. It was a look that the lawyer very much disliked to see. As a rule, ill-humored moneyed clients are the apple of an attorney's eye. Without bad temper for stimulus, few lawsuits would be fought out to the bitter end. But when a litigant seems disposed to take, as the phrase goes, the law into his own hands, prudent solicitors prefer to give the unprofitable desperado a wide berth; and Lord Ulswater did not seem in the disposition to fight his battles soberly, legally, by help of the deputies of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen, as a man should do.

"I'd give ten guineas out of my own pocket, not to have told him," thought Mr. Moss to himself, with some curious feelings in his breast, which he took for compunction, but which were really due to selfish fear. Suppose something—he did not care to particularize what—should occur, and all sorts of secrets should come out, what sort of figure should he, N. Moss, gentleman, cut in court and in the columns of the newspapers! Erring brethren of his profession have been struck off the rolls for less than he had done to merit such cashiering.

Perhaps Lord Ulswater divined what was passing in the other's mind, for with that wonderful power over himself that he possessed, he shook off, by a sudden effort, the grim and menacing expression that had stamped itself upon his features. It was a frank, smiling Lord Ulswater that turned towards Moss, saying:

"To tell you the truth, Moss, I've seen reason to change my views a good deal about matters on which men of my age are apt to look too lightly and too leniently. I do not wish, and never did wish, to molest these poor people; my only desire was, that they should not molest me. Now, having thought the matter over more deeply, I go further, and say that I have been to blame, and that I owe them reparation—You look surprised; but I am in earnest. I wish—in fact, my conscience is not quite clear on the subject of that poor girl—"

"I always thought as much," rapped out Mr. Moss, and then could have bitten his tongue for saying the words.

But Lord Ulswater did not take offence. Without noticing the attorney's interruption, he went on:

"I was young then, and—and I suppose careless and selfish, as young men are. It is not till we grow older and sadder that we begin to trace out the consequences of our own lightly regarded actions, and to perceive how, step by step, we have been the means of thrusting others down the road to ruin. I am sorry, now, that I ever saw Loys Fleming's face."

Mr. Moss stared at his client. Lord Ulswater's voice was grave and deep, and his tone and manner were such as implied, even to the distrustful little lawyer, absolute sincerity. Mr. Moss was a sound believer in that worldly axiom which forbids us to credit anything we hear, and but a bare moiety of what we see. He had had too much experience, however, to doubt that truth might occasionally be spoken by the falsest lips, and he thought that Lord Ulswater, for the moment, really did mean what he said. "He won't mean it to-morrow, and he didn't mean it yesterday," thought the attorney; "but he does mean it now." Mr. Moss was right. Lord Ulswater's words, for once, came from the heart. He had good reason then, and was in time to come to have better reason still, for wishing that he and Loys Fleming had always been strangers to one another.

He went on speaking upon the same subject after a pause, but this time his voice and manner were merely plausible, merely impressive, as might be those of a good actor or a popular preacher. He talked well, and not without a certain warmth of expression; and Mr. Moss could find no flaw in his discourse, but he did not exactly put faith in its purport. Lord Ulswater desired—so he said—to give a helping hand, without disclosing himself, to James Sark and his wife—how, he could hardly tell as yet. It might be that the man, who had not been considered once as a totally irredeemable offender, might be weaned to better things. He was a clever fellow, by all accounts. Lord Ulswater recollected to have heard, while Sark lay in prison, that he was a man of rare mechanical skill and inventive faculty. It was a pity that such a fellow—a Trevethick or Boulton, for anything one could tell—should waste his powers in picking patent locks or breaking open wrought-iron safes. Much better to give him a fair start, far from old haunts and criminal companions, in a new arena, with assistance enough to keep his head above water till he could swim alone, so to speak.

Lord Ulswater was willing to be at costs and charges on James Sark's behalf. He owed an atonement, he said, to the man and to his wife too, and he meant to be their friend, if only he could find the best way of helping them, without avowedly coming forward in the matter. He owned, too, with engaging frankness, that he was anxious, for his own sake, to hear that they had quitted England for some colony, or for the United States, and were not likely to return. He admitted that Loys Sark might be able and willing to annoy him, should she remain in her native country, and that he would cheerfully undergo some pecuniary sacrifice to prevent this. "In fact," said Lord Ulswater, with his old, bright smile, now so seldom on his lips, "you are welcome to interpret this as you please, and to write me down as a selfish man, glad to give hush-money to bury a dead sin, and close the door upon a past that is best forgotten. I would pay much, very much, to settle those people comfortably and prosperously—not too near to St. Pagans."

Mr. Moss hearkened, skeptical, puzzled; and his client went on to request that he, Mr. Moss, would make cautious inquiry as to James Sark, whether he was still engaged in his old, bad trade of plunder, whether he was in communication with his former associates, and above all, whether he seemed a likely man to reform and repent, should a kind hand be held out to assist him up the road, often steep and stony that leads out of the mire of crime to the table-land of honesty.

All this Mr. Moss promised to effect, gradually and with discretion, and he further agreed to be the channel of Lord Ulswater's bounty towards the Manxman and his wife. He also accepted, with a decent show of reluctance, a check which Lord Ulswater slipped into his hand. It was not by any means the regular thing, this mode of payment, without bill of costs or vouchers. Castles and Taping, or any other eminent firm of the Castles and Taping stamp, would have been scandalized by having remuneration thus thrust upon them as one feeds a railway porter or an inn waiter. But a bird in the hand, a rustling, auriferous bird, whose notes were bank-notes, and whose eggs were golden eggs, was grateful to the touch of Mr. N. Moss of the Old Jewry.

And yet Mr. Moss could not divest himself of the impression that his distinguished client was playing a part, playing it very well and gracefully, but as surely feigning as ever did stage-player feign the emotions proper to his part. He had this feeling strong upon him even when the train that was to bear him back to London was ready to start, and he had taken his place, and Lord Ulswater had waved his hand in token of adieu, and stood, watching the receding carriages. Mr. Moss always remembered that last glimpse of his noble employer, so tall, stalwart, and manly, with that pale, handsome face, and the golden hair, on which the sunlight glinted, standing smiling on the platform as the train began to move; for Mr. Moss was to see Lord Ulswater, in this life, never more.

When the train had vanished in the distance, the master of St. Pagans mounted his horse, which a countryman was holding at the door of the station, and rode off, taking the intricate road towards Cleckley Common. "Mill Lane, Aboukir Street, East Greenwich," he muttered to himself as he rode off. "I have it written here; but I should not forget it in any case." He tore the paper to shreds, and rode fast upon his way.

CHAPTER LI.

LOYS IS LEFT ALONE.

"If he knew what we know," chuckled old Brum, smoothing a refractory portion of the nap on his greasy hat—"if he knew what we know, he'd be down on his knees, he would, begging for mercy, your grand lord would, I reckon."

And James Sark had laughed good-humoredly as he rejoined that such a result was very likely.

But the third member of the conference shook her head. She was less confident.

"You do not know him," she said; "I do, worse luck. If John Carnac were aware of the truth, and also that the whole wicked history is only known to us three—" She stopped, shuddering, and her dark eyes, with a stony horror in them such as may have dwelt in those of fateful Cassandra, remained fixed upon the blankness of the oak-panelled wall.

"Why, Loys, why, lass, you a coward! What next?" cried her husband soothingly, and he laid his hand upon her shoulder. She shuddered again. "What ails you? I never knew her like this, Professor, in all this time we've been together," said Jem, ruefully.

Loys passed her hand over her fair, smooth forehead. She seemed to recover herself, but with an evident effort.

"I felt," she said—"I felt as if some one were walking over my grave, as we Furness folks used to say." She tried to smile now, but the attempt was a failure. "I am very foolish; don't mind me," she said.

Jakes Sark took one or two quick turns up and down the little room.

"Look here, Loys, my love," he said; "you know well enough that this affair was none of my contriving. I never liked it, never cared to meddle with it from the first. But I took it up to please you, dear, and now it makes you miserable that I should leave you, even for a few hours, to fetch the boy home. I wish we were in Australia again. I wish we were beyond seas anywhere. You'll go melancholy mad, my girl, moping here in this sort of way. Say the word, and I'll not go to London to-day, or the Professor shall stop with you."

Loys dashed back the dark hair from her brow. This time, she succeeded in smiling, but the smile was a sad one.

"I am getting fanciful," she said: "don't humor me, Jem. You spoil me, you are so kind. Scold me, now, do, for I should be much the better for it. But I won't keep you, and I won't keep the Professor. There—go, and bring back the boy with you. I never should forgive myself if harm happened to that poor child; and it would happen if John Carnac knew that he was among the living."

That permanent council of war which had established its pavilion in the late dwelling of the eccentric Mr. Vanpeerenboom, among the market-gardens of East Greenwich, had finally decided upon giving practical effect to Loys Sark's declaration, often repeated, that "justice must be done." Justice, it was meant, to a certain small child-pupil, Paul West by name, as entered in the books of the pseudo-doctor's classical and commercial academy at Belleview House, Clapham—justice to that bright-eyed boy, too young and too innocent to know that he had any rights, save to sundry marbles respectively entitled "taws," "alleys," and "agates," to a sufficient slice of the Sunday's plum-pudding, and to the arbitrarily disputed privilege to "coosy" during play-hours in true bush style.

Paul, little Paul, was to have justice done to him. Broad lands, and a stately home, and a noble name, and a birthright to sit among the hereditary legislators of his native country, and to help in making and mending that country's laws and policy, were his, if each one had his due.

"I never thought, when the thing was done, to see the boy righted, or to wish him to be righted," said Loys quite simply to her husband and to Brum. "I had suffered too much from his class to be fair towards one of them. I hated gentle blood and all who claimed it.—How did I know, I used to ask myself, that this innocent pretty babe, smiling up at me with his dear blue eyes and rosy mouth, is not merely as a cub-tiger, gentle because it is weak? How do I know that he will not grow up to a man, callous, haughty, selfish, tempting foolish maidens to sin and ruin, hard, pitiless?—I used to say these things to myself, and then I did not mean the child to get his own again. Why should I trouble myself to make him rich and great? I had been kinder to him than those of his own blood and name had been. It was thanks to me, bad as I was, that he lived, and smiled, and sported in the gay morning sunshine, instead of lying, where his kinsman would have had him laid, in the dark cold grave, or beneath the deep sea. It was enough for him to be alive. I owed him nothing more."

"You were sore and angry, Loys, dear," Sark would say in his good-humored cheery voice. "You came to think better of it afterwards. We both got fond of the kid, didn't we, when we had him to ourselves, out in Australia there?"

The Manxman had not, perhaps, any very strong sympathies with poetical justice. He was a man quick to anger, and prone to resent an intentional injury, but by no means indiscriminating in his wrath, and as free from prejudice as can well be. He neither hated nor liked the upper stratum of society, not crediting its members with any peculiar bias towards vice or virtue, and cynically convinced that men and women were strangely alike, whatever their degree, and that the same passions, somewhat modified, were to be found in every grade, from the highest to the lowest.

"After all, it's a plaguy shame to keep a young chap out of his own, just because his own happens to be finer than most of us have the chance to get. He's a right to his luck. Let him have the benefit of it," the returned transport had said. The vote was unanimous. Paul West was to be reinstated in his rights. But it was not to be expected that James Sark, a runaway from one of Her Majesty's penal settlements beyond seas, should undertake the "champerty and maintenance" of the young heir. He could not haunt law-courts, figure in consultations, cause notices to be served, forward petitions, file bills, and fight the legal battle in the legal way. The law had too tremendous a lien upon its penal serf for that to be feasible. There was a metaphorical collar of slavery around the Manxman's neck, quite as potent for restraint as the actual metallic collar around the throat of Gurth the swineherd. It would have been Quixotic to undertake the part of a redresser of wrongs, thus burdened. In America, the case would be different. It had been decided that the intending emigrants should abandon their original design of waiting for Lord Ulswater's expected remittance to arrive *per ambages* of Palmer Brothers. One of Dandy Jem's inventions, a valuable simplification of some expensive and complicated machinery, had found a purchaser. A city firm had seen its merits, and were willing to buy the diagrams and the working model, taking out the patent at their own cost, and reaping the ultimate profit. The inventor was to get such remuneration as the lion capitalist is apt to think the fair share of the jackal projector—not very many pounds, be sure. But Sark had other strings to his bow, and he was content. That ready money—he was to receive it on that very afternoon—would carry him, and his wife, and the boy, to some Pennsylvania town, where his skill would bring in a weekly crop of dollars, enough to live upon. Then Loys and Brum, being in no danger from British detectives, could repair to New York, and thence begin the war that was to conquer wealth and rank for little Paul.

"I know the Yankees," Sark had said tritely: "they just worship a lord, let them talk as tall as they choose. You'll easily find a lawyer, and a respectable one, to take up a case that will be sure to fill sensation columns of the Herald and the Tribune. The Yankee lawyer, will correspond with an English lawyer; the suit will begin, and all London will ring with it; the boy will be able to come back to England safely, because so many pair of eyes will be on the watch, that his uncle wouldn't dare, bless you, to hurt him; and your humble servant will get a free pardon, that he may be examined before the House of Lords. See if it don't turn out as I tell you."

No plan, indeed, could promise more fairly. On that very day, the money was to be paid by the City firm; on that very day, James Sark, in his quality of Mrs. Fletcher's husband and the boy's relative by marriage, was to remove young Paul West from the Clapham school, and bring him to the Dutch gardener's villa among the marshes and market-produce; on that very day, the Professor was to proceed to the Docks, and there to make inquiry at shipping-offices and water-side publics known to him, as to vessels bound to Philadelphia. In a few days, by one route or by another, the exiles would be at sea out of reach of their enemy, and free.

Yet it was strange to see how lingeringly and unwillingly Loys took leave of her husband. He had left her before, more than once, since they had taken refuge in this wigwam of the defunct Vanpeerenboom, but never had she clung to him before as she clung to him then, under pretence of brushing away the dust from his coat, or of adjusting his glossy light-brown hair, as it was her loving custom to do. He saw her repugnance to part with him; but for her sake, and attributing this fancy to the tension of overwrought nerves, he feigned not to see it. He affected to be in higher spirits than common, talking confidently and boastfully of their approaching departure, of the fortune he was to make in America, and of how he should be a senator, minister of the United States in some European capital, or Governor of Michigan or Minnesota, before he died.

And now old Brum, considerably smartened and improved as to his outer man, in compliment to Mrs. Sark, was ready and waiting in the porch for James to accompany him in the walk to the steam-boat wharf, and so to London. It had been agreed that they should go to London by water, and return by train or by boat, as Paul should prefer.

"I know he'll choose the water-way: anything like a ship is a treat to him," the Manxman had said. Jem kissed his wife, resolutely smiling the while, and walked briskly out, humming a tune. He was clear of the porch, when he heard his name called in an eager, tremulous voice, and he came hurrying back. "Why, Loys, sweetheart!" he exclaimed.

She was in tears, but she smiled even as she looked at him with streaming, wistful eyes, and put out her arms towards him.

"Kiss me once more, James, only once." And as he bent and kissed her wet cheek, she laughed, and pushed him from her. "How good you are to me," she said; "and I am a fool not to be blithe as you are. Now go, dear boy, go." So James Sark and the Professor went to London, thinking no evil; and Loys was left alone.

CHAPTER LII.

RUN OVER IN THE STREET.

Brum, parting from his friend James Sark as soon as the Greenwich steamer had landed them at the Adelphi Stairs, and leaving the Manxman to pursue his journey to Clapham, turned his own face eastward. Being ostensibly bound for the Docks, it would have seemed natural that he should have disembarked at an earlier stage of the up-river voyage, but the Professor had some of the instincts which protect the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and never went by a straight path to his nest or den, when a crooked one was available. He had no particular reason to believe himself followed or watched, but the old habit of doubling and twisting was too deeply rooted in him to be easily abandoned; and it was with comparative regret that he found himself in a broad and crowded thoroughfare, moving Citywards in company with a dense stream of human beings. Everybody was out of town, naturally, in that sultry, early autumn weather, and at that dead time of year—everybody, that is, likely to come within the focus of Belgravian eye-glasses, or to be visible to the astronomers of Mayfair as stars of even the fourth magnitude. But the nameless nebulæ remained, thick as sand-grains on the sea-shore, and dazzling in their uncounted numbers. Fashionable London was away. The fly was off the wheel; and yet the wheel went round, fast and furious, although the gilded insect with the gauzy wings and gorgeous hues was unconscious of its gyrations. The grindstones of the mighty mill still did their stern work, crushing the bones of some to make the bread of others, pretty much as if the Cornish giants Cormoran and Feefawfum had been the monstrous millers. The fight for existence was going on, as usual, without truce or stay, although Chirper, and Tregoose, and Gunnesley Fitzgeorge, and the ladies who bowed to them from barouches, or danced with them at embassy balls, were dispersed like the last year's snow.

There were many carts, and vans, and carriages, public and private, struggling, and jamming, and jostling along the street, as Brum passed along it, elbowing his way eastward. "Hullo! I declare I do believe it is! Thought he was dead!" exclaimed the Professor suddenly. He had caught sight of an old man gazing in at a shop-window with a patient curiosity that pointed him out as no true London resident. Even a Londoner, no doubt, may look into a shop-window, but not with that forgetfulness of self which a countryman exhibits. The genuine Cockney may by no means have exhausted all the eleemosynary sights which liberal metropolitan tradesmen offer to the world of possible customers, but he has seldom time for more than a cursory glance, and is, besides, contemptuously familiar with arrangements of stock the most striking and showy.

"Thought he was dead!" repeated Brum aloud. The man who was looking at the display behind the huge sheet of plate-glass was a tall, lean, stooping, ungainly old fellow, with high shoulders and supple back. There was something deferential in his attitude, as he stood cringingly there, looking very much as if he were apologizing to the shop for taking the liberty to stare without purchasing. He had a mean, crafty face, a long nose, slightly reddened, gray hair, and a shifty, restless expression. He was certainly not intoxicated. No policeman would have been justified in hauling him off to figure in the inspector's report of the drunk and incapable; but he was fresh, or stale, from dram-drinking, sodden with much alcohol, chronically soaked into the system.

This old man was just such a frightful example as a temperance society would have liked to parade on its platform, a muddled, faddled human scarecrow to warn off the British youth from the gin-palace and the taproom—a boozy Helot, good to inspire disgust into the young Spartans of Teetotalism. He was a Helot in another sense, too, for he wore such a greatcoat as no one, whatever his taste, would have purchased with his own moneys and of his free-will—a skimped, short-waisted, long-skirted, high collared greatcoat, pepper and salt as to its color, pewter as to its buttons, and with mysterious, parochial initials conspicuously stamped upon its lower hem. It looked like a livery, and it was one—the livery of pauperism.

"Workus, by George!" cried Brum, in his surprise.

The two old men were now very near to one another, inasmuch that Brum's voice reached the ears of the object of his remark, and the aged pauper looked up, not angrily, but with a sort of deprecatory smirk upon his face. A wonderful change came over that face, as his twinkling eyes encountered those bleared ones of the rat-visaged Professor. Growing pale at once, and arching his shaggy eyebrows, the wearer of workhouse habiliments took one quick, half-frightened look at Brum, and then turned and shuffled off as fast as his lean limbs could carry him. Brum made no attempt at pursuit, but his eyes followed the slinking figure till it was lost in the crowd of foot-passengers.

"Pah! there's a finish for him!" muttered the Professor, with strong disgust, and he too shambled on.

Almost immediately afterwards there was a roar and a rush, and an outcry of loud voices, and a stamping of horses' feet, and an uplifting of whips by way of signal to coming drivers to hold in and wait. The tide of people swayed forward.—"Somebody hurt?"—"Somebody killed!"—"Run over!"—"A cab, wasn't it?"—"No, a van!"—"Poor old chap!" Brum pushed forward.

A van it was, one of those high Juggernaut cars, laden mountainously with bales, and chests, and weighty packages from the railway, that rush thundering through London streets at the fastest trot of their team of three strong horses. A van it was, though the fore-horse was thrown back on his haunches now, with an excited policeman grasping the bridle, while the driver, perched aloft on his tall box, appealed to men and angels to bear witness that what had happened was no fault of his. Nor, perhaps, was it so. A foot-passenger, an old man, had tried to cross the street at a very inopportune moment, through the thickest of the traffic, had rushed blindly on to get out of the way of a Hansom and its shouting charioteer, and had come "mooning," as a bystander phrased it, right under the very nose of the leader of the van-team. No one, not Briareus, could have pulled up the heavy horses in time to prevent mischief.

"He's alive. The wheel didn't go over him, though it was just a shave from his head," said one Samaritan of the three or four who were lifting from the stones the pepper-and-salt bundle that represented a living man. A very crumpled, miserable, gray-headed bundle it looked, as it was thus lifted, the blood running from a cut on the head and dabbling the gray hair.

"Look at the hat!" said some one, holding up for inspection what looked like an imperfect cylinder of black felt, the crown quite crushed out by the pressure of the horses' iron-shod feet. A doctor came up, and declared himself, feeling the hurt man's ribs and limbs, and laying his practised finger and thumb upon the wrist.

"Pulse almost imperceptible," the doctor said; "only the collar-bone broken; but that's a nasty knock on the head. Better get the poor old fellow to the hospital at once."

More police had by this time come up, with a stretcher, and there were volunteers willing to help in carrying the load. Old Brum came forward. "I know him," he said, touching his greasy hat to the police sergeant; "he's my brother-in-law, though I've not seen him for years. Please, I should like to be let see him."

The sergeant looked sharply at Brum. No, he did not recognize the Professor as one of his, the sergeant's "lambs," one of that black flock whose frequent fold was the little dock of the police-court. Brum was by far more decently dressed than he had been before he cast in his lot with the Sarks. He wore a greasy hat still, but his coat was of wellbrushed black cloth, his chin shaven, his neckcloth neat, and his face but half dirty, not wholly so, as before.

"You may come," said the sergeant, shortly; and Brum walked beside the stretcher.

The hospital once reached, the stretcher and its passive occupant were speedily filtered through the ordeal of the porter's lodge, and Brum was bidden to wait. There were other friends of patients there: a middle-aged, motherly woman in rusty mourning, and with a widow's cap under her cavernous bonnet, a garrulous, simple soul, who told all listeners how she came from Peckham Rye, twice a week, to see her poor daughter in hospital; and two or three other persons, among whom was a journeyman plasterer in a paper cap, with great stains of whitewash mottling his clothes, and clots of whitewash clinging to his limp whiskers. Before the widow had quite concluded her explanation, for Brum's behoof, of the injury which her daughter had received from some unfenced machinery in a factory "Mile End way," and of the doctor's cheerful prophecy that she would pull through it, a dresser entered the waiting-room.

"Friends of patient just brought in? Running-over case. Accident Ward," said the dres-

ser; and Brum announced himself, and was led up-stairs.

The patient was in bed, his hurts had been inspected by the house-surgeon, and he was now sensible, Brum was told, as he proceeded towards the clean, orderly ward, with its rows of white beds, neat and orderly, but terribly suggestive of the agony and distress that tenanted them, week by week and day by day. Every one of the officials seemed to Brum to be kind after an unsentimental fashion, cool, self-possessed, and business-like. The place was an establishment for the mending of broken and bruised humanity, as far as human skill and care, with the best appliances, could effect the repairs within a reasonable time. An average amount of cures could thus be attained, and to make the maximum a high one was the first duty of nurse, doctor, and managing committee. The duty was done, and in the main well done, though there was little enthusiasm to be detected.

"Now, don't excite the patient. Brother-in-law, eh? Well, don't make him talk too long, do you hear? Not a very bad case. Collar-bone and cut on head are the worst of it. Constitution feeble; saddened with gin, I'm afraid. Had he been a temperate man, it would have been a trifle. Nurse, five minutes talk will be enough—do you hear?" And off went the honest house-surgeon on his rounds.

Brum approached the bed in which the gray-headed bundle that had been picked up among the horses' feet had been made comfortable. The old man was evidently quite rational now.

"How do you do, Willy?" The sufferer piped out these words in a thin, wheezy voice, and he made an effort to put out his feeble, right hand in token of amity. "You don't bear malice I hope?"

The Professor shook his head.

"I'm too old, myself, to keep anger hot after all these years," said he, more gently than it was usual for him to speak. "I'm sorry, Benjamin Huller, to see you like this, I must say that, for all that's come and gone."

"What did the doctor whisper about me?" asked Benjamin Huller, with a look of keen interest lighting up his shrunken face. "I know he told you something. Shall I die, this bout?"

The Professor hesitated. The house-surgeon had not indeed told him in so many words that the hurts sustained by the new patient would end fatally. But eyes and mouth, even in the case of house-surgeons, sometimes reveal the adverse opinion which doctors easily form, but are chary of proclaiming. Also, in his adventurous life, old Brum had seen the seal of coming death on many faces, and he saw it now on that of his estranged brother-in-law. But not being at heart a really bad man, Brum was unwilling to give pain to the crushed creature before him by any harsh truth-telling, albeit he had scanty cause to love Benjamin Huller.

"Well, Ben," he said, "you must be careful, you know, and so you must," the Professor said, soothingly: "it's a serious thing, a floorer like that for an elderly cove like me or you. But even if it's a long job—"

But here the patient's piping voice broke in.

"Willy, you're telling me lies—out of kindness though. Thank you. You mean to be good to me; but it's no use. I'm a dying man. I shall never go out of this ward, but to be buried."

The old pauper's glassy eyes peered up at Brum's shrewd face as he spoke, and he ended with a groan, for we all hope, even in Death's gripe, and he read an involuntary confirmation of his worst fears in the quaint countenance of the old man who looked down upon him, not unkindly.

"Willy!" gasped the injured man, catching, with uncertain fingers, at the other's sleeve—"Willy! I didn't use you well, nor yet your sister, did I? You were right fond of her once, I know. You might forgive me now."

These words were spoken imploringly, with piteous mowings and quiverings of the poor twitching mouth that uttered them.

Brum felt a curious choking in his throat as he made answer:

"Don't take on, Ben, that way; let bygones be bygones."

"Hark! Willie, hark!" eagerly whispered old Huller. "I'll make your fortune, I swear I will. I'll make up for the past. I've got a secret, I have, that is worth a thousand pounds, and you shall have the gain of it, when I'm laid in my grave. I meant to have the gain myself. But it's too late—death— O bring a magistrate—I'll make a clean breast of all the wicked story I know—Lord Ullswater—the child—" The piping voice ceased.

"Lord Ullswater!—are you in that game, Ben?" cried Brum, excitedly; but he got no answer.

The nurse came hurrying up.

"Can't you see he's fainted. You just go, please. You heard the doctor. Time's up, and more. He can't talk again to-day. Come to-morrow, if you choose."

So Brum was quietly and firmly thrust out. "Here's more of it!" he chuckled to himself as he passed out into the street. "Jem must hear of this. What can the old man know of the St. Pagans job? But he was always a deep one. I'll have a cab, to save time. We shall turn the tables on my lord, after all."

CHAPTER LIII.

BELLEVIEW HOUSE WITH THE BLINDS DOWN.

James Sark was in high spirits, whistling a lively tune as he walked briskly up the hill on which stood Belleview House. He did not know Clapham at all, and he had had to ask his way more than once. But he enjoyed the walk, and the beauty of the hot autumn day, with its violet sky streaked by loose long threads of attenuated white cloud, and the stir and freshness of the faint breeze, unfelt in the streets, but strong enough, on that elevated land which Sark was traversing, to make the yellowing leaves of the poplars rustle merrily overhead.

The Manxman was by nature sanguine. He had drifted into evil ways and bad comradeship, but he was not irreclaimably of the wicked. He was not mean, not treacherous, not cruel as yet. To lead an honest life, always provided that the said life should be exempt from stagnation and blank monotony, was his sincere desire. A fair day's wages for a fair day's work, seemed more attractive to him, clever workman and long-headed contriver that he was, than it would perhaps have done to four-fifths of his former companions. He was so far from being an idle man that the gift of a large annuity, on the condition of doing nothing henceforth, would have been as a Dead Sea apple between his teeth.

The sail up the river, among masts, and rigging, and flattering flags, had done him good. The very sight of the ships suggested pleasant thoughts of blue water, of a fair wind and good voyage, and of the new land and the new life beyond.

"Hey for America!" exclaimed Dandy Jem, aloud; and a working-man, who had just turned into the road from a side-lane, started at the sound of Sark's voice, believing himself to have been addressed.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the working man.

"No, I did not," replied the Manxman, smiling; "but perhaps you can kindly point out Belleview House—a school?"

The man civilly said that he was going there, and that he should be happy to show the way; and the two walked on together, side by side.

James Sark, whose eye was rarely at fault, had taken in the bearings of the other at a glance. "Not a journeyman," he thought—"small master-tradesman. Half-joiner, half-undertaker." This was not an unwarranted conjecture, for the carpenter carried beneath his arm a brand-new coffin, of small size—not an infant's coffin, however, but such as might be made for a child of ten years old or thereabouts. Narrow and light as it was, with its new brass-headed nails and name-plate glimmering yellow against the background of black cloth, it was long enough to be an awkward load for one man.

"Let me help you with that. Yes, yes; I'll bear a hand up the hill," said Sark, good-humoredly; and the carpenter, who was on the wrong side of fifty, was thankful for the assistance. He had been whistling an air nearly as lively as that whistled by his new acquaintance, when he turned out of the lane, but had ceased, partly because such melody seemed indecorous in connection with the funereal burden he bore, and partly because the day was hot, and the hill steep.

"By-the-by," said Sark, as a fresh thought occurred to him. "I hope there's nothing wrong there?—at Belleview House, I mean?" he added, nodding significantly towards the coffin.

The suburban undertaker looked round at the questioner in some surprise.

"Why, hain't you heard?" he said, dubiously.

"No, I've heard nothing," returned Sark in his quick way. "A boy dead, then? Any sickness among the kids? Hang it speak out, mate, will you!"

The master-mechanic, a poor guerrilla skirmisher in that Black Army whereof Mr. Banting may be reckoned as a field-marshal, lowered the end of the coffin to the ground, and wiped his brows with a red handkerchief.

"P'raps you're parents and guardians?" he said, hesitatingly. "Dr. Marsh mightn't like—but there! there ain't no use trying to hush it up now. Fever's been mortal bad among the boys—mortal bad, surely. Three of 'em died. I'm a-taking up of this for the third. Most of the pupils has been fetched home, and the 'cademy's quite empty, only for two West India boys as was always holiday-stoppers, and hain't got no relations in England for to take 'em in, and one other little vun, ill in bed."

That was all that Sark, now thoroughly alarmed, could extract from the coffin-maker. The latter did not even remember the names of the two children who had been the first to die, though he had the measurements of their last little beds accurately enough in his memory. "Three foot eleven, by one, ten, and five-eighths," he said, cogitating the while: "four foot two, by one, eleven, and a half. This one is bigger—four foot four, by two, one, three-eighths; and the name"—reading it from the brass coffin-plate—"is Master Gray." But the name of the boy who was ill, and the actual state of that boy, the man of rule and plane did not know. "I believe he's a little mite of a chap," was all that he could say about the small sufferer. Sark pushed on, fearing the worst.

Belleview House, with its shutters closed, and its range of close-drawn blinds blankly staring down from the upper windows, looked very melancholy. So did the two lonely West Indian boys—a brace of Robinson Crusoes, with the gravelled Sahara of a playground in lieu of a desert island, and the solitary school-room, full of echoes and ink-splashes, for a cave. They came at the clang of the bell, scrambling up the wall, and thrusting their sallow young faces over the bricks, like horses gazing disconsolately out from the pound, or as if they had been verily marooned upon some sandy islet of their native Caribbean Sea, and were hoping for a sail to heave in sight and bring rescue and release.

Dr. Marsh, very flabby, pasty-complexioned, and loose about the neckcloth, with his black scholastic coat ill brushed, and a faint odor of alcoholic stimulants surrounding him like a perfume, met Sark's questions in a nervous, weak-minded style. He was a ruined man, he said. The school would never recover the blow. Confidence in the healthy situation, the sanitary arrangements, and the parental supervision for which the academy had been famous, would never be restored. That dreadful fever! The schoolmaster really appeared to consider himself an injured man, and the victim of a sort of tacit conspiracy, in which the complaint itself, the boys who had been so inconsiderate as to catch it and die, and the relatives of the survivors, had all been more or less concerned and confederate.

"I wrote to your wife, Mr. Fletcher, to apprise her of the state of the case, and Mrs. Marsh wrote afterwards, to Cecil Street, Strand. If the letters miscarried through the change of residence of which you tell me, it is no fault of mine—now, is it?" said the schoolmaster; and Sark could not but own that the principal of Belleview House had done all that could reasonably be expected at his hands.

Little Paul West was ill of the fever. Dr. Marsh declined to give any opinion of his own as to his prospects of recovery. That every care had been taken of him, that he had the best medical advice which Clapham could supply, and that the doctor came twice a day to visit him, and would come again that evening, were the only further statements to be drawn from the worried and despondent shepherd of that empty fold, stripped of its tenants.

"Can I see the child?" asked Sark with a sinking heart. The poor fellow was beginning to realize that he had been founder of the bright lovable boy than he had deemed himself to be. Dr. Marsh would make inquiry. The result of the inquiry was the information that Paul, who had long been restless, had been lulled to sleep by some potion sent in by the apothecary who attended him, and was quietly lying in his tiny bed. To disturb him would be wrong. The gentleman, his uncle, had better call again, if convenient. Sark asked at what hour the doctor would pay his evening visit. He would come again, he said, to hear if there were grounds for hope, and to see the boy, if the seeing him would be unattended with risk to the little invalid. He shook hands with the principal of the abandoned academy, and went out. As he was passing the outer gates, the weak-eyed, weak-whiskered young man in the pantry-jacket, more dejected now than ever, ran after him.

"Please, the doctor says Dr. Simmons did say something about Master West. Master forgot it. He said: 'Our little friend has a very good constitution.' That's the doctor's message." And with this crumb of comfort, Sark was shut out of Belleview House, the eyes of the melancholy West Indians following him wistfully as he strode away.

All went well in the city, whither Sark now went; that is to say, the moneyed firm that had agreed to purchase his invention paid for it in crackling new bank-notes, and even hinted at a desire for further dealings. He went out of their counting-house comparatively rich, with the means to reach America secured, but his heart was heavy, and he dreaded the effect upon Loys, should the child die.

This man was not much disposed, by temperament or by custom, to take a dark view of the future; but he came of a race whose heirloom is a strong imaginative faculty, deeply tinged with gloom, and he had been bred among the gigantic precipices, the dusky corries, the bleak mountains, mist enshrouded, and the stormy seas of Man. Old, half-forgotten legends, old matches of rhyme, fragments of the superstitious past, came forc'ng themselves, in darkling procession, upon his startled fancy, and fear crept in upon him. The notion that the boy at school should die, with the wrong that had been done him unrepaired, was painful in itself to the man's softening heart, but with it came a more selfish apprehension. "It will bring a judgment upon me and mine," Sark thought: "no good-luck for us if that child dies." And he found himself caring less for the money, the fairly earned money in his pocket, than he had ever thought it possible to do.

The place of rendezvous with Brum had been chosen, a cool, dark, almost subterranean tavern, where regular customers sat in their separate compartments, fenced off from one another as if they had been in so many high-backed pews of the true British pattern, and blinked over the small print of their newspapers as they listened to the distant music of chops and steaks frizzling noisily for their entertainment. Sark had not waited very long in this twilight Valhalla of beef before Brum joined him. The Professor had used his cab to good purpose, had gathered up his water-side information about days of sailing, rates of passage-money, and the private characters of ships and commanders, owners and mates; things momentous to the emigrant who can pay but a moderate price for the accommodation of his floating hotel, yet who is naturally averse to be drowned, starved, maltreated, or stinted of air, light, and elbow-room. However, this intelligence was thrown into the shade by what each of the associates had to tell, the one mentioning the child's illness, the other the fact that revelations of importance, bearing on the usurpation of his rights, had been promised by old Benjamin Huller, then in the hospital.

"What matters, if the boy does not live?" said Sark moodily, as he pushed aside the food and liquor that he had ordered, but that had remained untasted before him. "Loys will never forgive herself, never.—Come up to Clapham, if you've rested yourself." And Brum finished his glass, and rose. "We shall be too early. Sun's up still," he remarked. But to Clapham they went, and waited, hanging about Belleview House for hours. At last the doctor came. A sensible, honest-faced apothecary he was, one of those comfortable, comforting practitioners who can think of the patient as well as the fee, and who had had an immense amount of practice in a humdrum way.

"I tell you frankly, Mr. Fletcher, that it is a sad pity you failed to get the letters that Dr. and Mrs. Marsh wrote. Prompt removal is the wisest course in such a case," said Mr. Simmons, not noticing how Sark winced at the implied reproach. "I prefer saying nothing decisive till I have seen my little patient again."

Presently the doctor came down-stairs with a troubled face. The boy was ill—very ill. The effects of the sedative given that day had gone off; and the worthy apothecary was not ashamed to own that he thought he had made a mistake in giving the excitable little invalid any morphine at all. Paul was awake, tossing about in his bed, restless, with a high pulse, and in a state bordering on delirium. A night of unrest was very much to be dreaded, at that turning-point of the disorder.

"There's one thing might quiet him," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Perhaps he may be very fond of you, Mr. Fletcher?—That's well. And you could coax him to go to sleep, could you, in Australia, when he was ill, could you? And to take medicines from your hand when he refused them from other people? That's well again. You look the sort of man children would like. Now if you'd sit by our little friend, and be very patient, and humor him by telling him a story or humming him songs till he grows drowsy, why, he might get a good sound sleep."

"I will," said James Sark eagerly: "and then, doctor, will he recover?"

"Please God, he may. Mind you, I don't say he will; but it's his best chance," said the doctor seriously.

Hour after hour dragged by, and Brum, in the nearest late-closing public-house, puffed at his pipe, and grew weary of waiting, and still Sark sat, patient, kind, tender as a woman, as seafaring men not seldom are, beside the sick child's bed. With his little hand in Sark's, and clinging to him as if he held on to life by that grasp of a well-known hand, Paul lay till deep into the night. My Lord Judge who sentenced James (very properly) would have wondered to see the man's gentleness and thoughtfulness in the course of that vigil, how light was the touch of his muscular hand, how soft his voice, as he talked child-talk, and told stories such as children care to hear, and soothed and petted the tiny suffering creature that lay there, with large eyes and a thin wan face, hectic crimson in the cheeks that had been so round and blooming. "What will Loys think? I wish I had sent Brum back. She will be afraid for me, I mean," Sark thought, once and again. But he could not go; the child's fevered hand held him as iron gyves would scarcely have done. When he wanted to rise and go, the little creature, half asleep, moaned and woke.

Late at night, the small hot hand, that had been growing cooler and less dry and hard for some time, relaxed its pressure. Little Paul West was asleep—a deep, sound sleep. The Manxman waited and kept motionless for half an hour or more, until the boy's regular breathing assured him that the slumber was no fitful doze, and then, very silently, with unshod feet, he slipped out of the room. An hour and a half afterwards, he and Brum were back at Greenwich. It was above two hours after midnight. "Loys will think we are lost," said James Sark cheerily, as they reached the entrance of Mill Lane. "We shall be scolded," he added. Alas!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Curious Order.

A California correspondent gives a brief account of a curious religious Order in Mexico, called the "Pretentists:"

This Order with its curious customs has been handed down to the old Franciscan Friars of Spain. Every Friday during Lent, and the whole of the last week, they go through this penance. An indefinite number, generally from 25 to 50, divest themselves of all superfluous clothing, excepting a pair of drawers rolled up to the knee, and a red handkerchief around the head. Officers are elected (who do no not disrobe themselves,) all furnished with a peculiar kind of whip, made very pliable, except those who hold the post of honor, to the number of five or six, who carry a large, heavy cross, hewn out of rough timber, which is so heavy and unwieldly, that when the cross is upon the shoulder, the long, upright piece drags upon the ground. All leave their place of resort, sing a melancholy sort of chant, and going to a certain place where a large cross is firmly planted in the ground, they drop upon their knees in a circle around the cross; then begin to beat themselves, alternately over each shoulder, according as they think their sins deserve. This whip strikes in the small of the back, keeping time to the chant, while shuffling around the circle. The cross bearers, who have their hands full, are kindly provided for by the officers, who take it upon themselves to whip those who have not the ability to whip themselves. Their backs, as we saw them, resembled a mass of raw flesh, with the blood not trickling from one place, but hundreds. The blows could be heard for full half a mile, filling the bystanders with an indescribable horror. The penance is over with the last of Lent.

An Antiquarian Poser.

A few days since, Nathan Salisbury, Esq., living in East Scott, Cortlandt county, N. Y., found a very peculiar axe. The circumstances are as follows: At an early day, when Mr. Salisbury, in company with others, was chopping and clearing the forest of his newly acquired farm, they came upon a very large hemlock standing near the stream. After cutting the tree down, Mr. Salisbury discovered that what appeared to be the heart of the tree was really a separate tree from the one just fallen. On examination, this tree within a tree was found to have been girdled at some previous time, leaving a small portion uncut, so that the sap had continued to traverse the trunk until its growth had completely overgrown the girdling, and another tree formed, growing to enormous dimensions.

A few days since, near the trunk of that tree, about twelve inches below the surface, was found this peculiar axe. It was about ten inches in length by three and one-fourth inches on the cut or edge. It is made of iron. Now, what is remarkable about the axe and tree is this—that the girdling or packing of the inner tree corresponds precisely with the axe found, and counting the concentric rings of the growth of the outer tree, is found the remarkable fact that the inner tree was girdled about one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Who was in that locality using an axe three hundred and fifty-seven years ago?—*Rochester Democrat.*

Clergymen's Salaries.

The salaries of clergymen have been made a subject of investigation by Mr. Amasa Walker, of Massachusetts. He has taken the trouble to ascertain the salaries of one thousand preachers of various denominations, living in eighteen different states. They vary in amount from three hundred to five thousand dollars a year. The salaries paid in 1860 and in 1865 were taken by him for the purpose of comparison, and as the result of his investigation he states that the average salary of these clergymen in 1860 was $772.88, and in 1866, $907.28. The amount of gratuities they received amounted annually to $32.77. He thinks that clergymen's salaries have not increased in proportion to the increase of the necessaries of life and also of the pay of men in other pursuits, and concludes that many clergymen must suffer severe privations. He adds, that if complete statements could be made of the salaries of all the clergymen in the country for 1860 and 1865, the average would not vary greatly from that above stated.

Singular Discovery.

A few days ago, as Thomas Scott, one of the workmen at the Gardner (Ill.) coal mine, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, was driving an entry in the coal vein, at a depth of two hundred feet from the surface, he found imbedded in the coal, next to the limestone rock, overhead, a square block of stone, eighteen inches in length, one foot wide, and thirteen inches thick, partially hollow, and having the appearance of petrified wood. In the centre were found two plates, that appear to be solid gold. They are three inches in length, about two in width, and three-eighths of an inch thick. On each are some curious inscriptions and hieroglyphics. The owner has been prevailed upon to permit them to be sent to New York, where, it is hoped the inscriptions may be deciphered.

☞ Colonel Miguel Lopez, the traitor, after selling Maximilian and his generals, went to Puebla to visit his wife. His reception was decidedly cold. His wife advanced to meet him, leading their little son by the hand, and addressed him thus:—"Sir, here is your son, we cannot cut him in two, take him. You are a base coward and traitor. You have betrayed your country and your benefactor. From this hour we are strangers, for I shall this day retire to my family. Go."

☞ The Newburyport, (Mass.) Herald, noticing the case of two boys attending school in that town, who were remarkable for punctuality, although one lived a mile and the other three miles off, says truly: "It is at school as at church, the most distant are first on the spot; and those having most to overcome find it easiest to do it. It is so all through life—where there is most care, most labor, most responsibility, there is the most manhood and the greatest success."

Russian Railroad Cars.

When the Prince of Wales went to Russia, it was necessary (in the interests of the British public) that Mr. Dicey should also go, and accordingly he went to Moscow. When the Czar Nicholas had the plans of the projected railway between his two capitals laid before him, zig-zagging hither and thither, in order to secure the traffic of the other great towns upon the way, he drew a straight line upon the chart, and said: "So must it be." The result is, great convenience of communication, to be sure, but, on the other hand, this great railway only passes one important town in the whole of the six hundred versts it traverses. A fellow-traveller assured our author that, constantly as he had been on the line, he had never seen anybody either get in or out at the roadside stations.

The completeness of the arrangements for the comfort of passengers seems something marvellous compared with our own wretched railway accommodation. "The train consisted of half-a-dozen cars of immense length. They were all much of a pattern. Entering by the middle, you come first into a small saloon, with a table in the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From one side of this saloon a passage, broad and high enough for a tall man or a lady in crinoline to walk along without much difficulty, leads to the further end of the carriage, opening by a door on to the iron platform outside. Out of this passage you pass, pushing aside the heavy curtains, into any one of the three private apartments—I know of no more appropriate word—into which the carriage is divided. In the daytime, these apartments look like very luxurious first-class carriages, with arm-chair seats for six persons. On the other side of the saloon I have spoken of was a passage leading to similar apartments, reserved for ladies; and on the roof there was a sleeping-saloon, to which you ascended by a winding staircase. The view from this upper floor is excellent, but in winter-time the lower apartments are chosen by preference. Everything in the whole place was admirably arranged; the doors fitted closely; and, as in entering the carriage you have to pass through a succession of doors, one of which you close before you open the other, there is no draught from the cold, bleak air outside. . . . . Besides the apartments set apart for travellers, there were washing-places and dressing-rooms, all handsomely fitted up, and, what is even more remarkable, scrupulously clean."

When night arrived, the attendants, "three of whom—two men and one woman—are attached to every car, lit the lamps, the curtains were drawn, a green baize portable table was fixed in the centre of our compartment, wax-candles were fastened at the corners, and chess, and draughts, and cards were offered to us, in case we did not wish to sleep or to read. Learning that the duty upon cards was paid over to the funds of the noble foundling-hospitals with which Russia is provided, we thought ourselves justified in supporting the cause of charity, and from dark till it was time to go to bed, we played at whist as comfortably as if we had been seated in a London club-room." Every fifty miles or so was a first-class station, with refreshment-rooms, supplied with every delicacy, duck, and geese, and venison, huge fishes and plump partridges, jellies and puddings, tarts and pastries, all laid out so charmingly, that it seemed a shame to eat them. No wonder our author blushed to think of "the shabby counters, the stale buns, the grizzly fly-blown patties, the horse-bean soup, and the scraggy drumsticks of similar establishments at home." It must be added, however, *per contra*, that at the booking-office of this Elysian line of railway, there is something still to be learned even from the London, Chatham and Dover. "I was served with a ticket—the document looked so like a writ, that the word 'served' suggests itself naturally—about a foot in length, covered with cabalistic characters. Then I had to procure another document of the same length for my sleeping-berth in the train, and then I had to obtain a separate ticket for every article of luggage I did not take in the carriage with me. One ticket would have done as well; but it is the cardinal principle of all Russian administration never to use one piece of writing where two can possibly be employed. I may mention, as an instance of the way in which business is carried on, that at one bureau in the station they gave me a five-rouble note in change so tattered, and torn, and greasy, that I declined taking it till I was assured of its genuineness; at another bureau in the self-same hall I tendered this note in payment, and had it positively refused as worthless. Happily, I had time to insist on its being changed. It was returned to the railway officials, and will doubtless be passed off on some other stranger, who is either more unsuspicious or more pressed for time than I chanced to be myself."—*Review of Mr. Dicey's Travels in Russia.*

☞ The means for securing the representation of minorities is a subject coming fast into consideration among publicists in this country and Europe. A society for the discussion of the subject has been organized in New York city, called "The Personal Representation Society," of which the officers are: "David Dudley Field, President; Francis G. Shaw, Vice President; Robert B. Minturn, Recording Secretary; Sidney Howard Gay, Corresponding Secretary; and Edmund Cooper, Treasurer. The Society has adopted a memorial to the New York Constitutional Convention, in favor of the adoption of some plan for giving representation in the state government to minorities.

☞ NEWS.—The word *news* is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *new*. In former times (between the years 1595 and 1720) it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, thus:

N
E | W
S

importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term "newspaper."—*Dictionary of Dates.*

☞ When Verdi's "Macbeth" was given for the first time in Dublin, the long symphony preceding the sleep-walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened—everything looked gloomy and mysterious—the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor were discovered seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber, a bottle of physic and a candle being on the table that was between them. Viardot (who was playing Lady Macbeth) was waited for in the most profound silence—a silence which was broken by a voice from the gallery crying out, "Hurry, now, Mr. Lucey, tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" The inquiry nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the emotion it created.

Hotel Clerks.

In her latest book, "Wool Gathering," now in the press of Ticknor & Fields, Gail Hamilton describes how she spent a night in an Albany first-class hotel, how she was persecuted by the mice, and how her complaint to the hotel clerk was met with the remark, "Oh, we cannot help that! There are mice all over the house!" She then adds: Moral reflection: If ever the education of a soaring human boy be entrusted to my care, I will endeavor to model his manner on those of a clerk in a hotel. For conscious superiority, tempered with benevolence and swathed in suavity; for perfect self-possession; for high-bred condescension to the ignorance and toleration of the weakness of others; for absolute equality to circumstances, and a certain grace, assurance, and flourish of bearing, give me a clerk in a hotel. We may see generals, poets and philosophers indistinguishable from the common herd; but a true hotel clerk wears on his beauteous brow, and in his noble mien, the indubitable sign of greatness.

More About the Trichina.

Dr. R. K. Browne, by special invitation of the Farmers' Club, said: The trichina is a *worm*. It is not an *animalcule* nor *infusoria*. But it is a worm found in the flesh of the pig, in untold numbers. Those persons who eat the flesh of pigs infested with the trichina are liable to have their flesh infested with these worms. The trichina *kills people!* This is no longer a subject of reckless ridicule; but it is an incontrovertible fact, that *the trichina kills human beings!* More than one thousand people have been *killed* in Germany by these worms. And it is *known* that the trichina in the swine's flesh which they ate caused their death!

The *remedy*, he said, was to fatten the pig on clean grain, and cook his flesh thoroughly. No trichina can live in boiling water. Therefore, if a ham be thoroughly boiled through and through, the trichina will be destroyed. But when such food is only partially cooked, the trichina are not destroyed, and they are liable to pass into the flesh of persons who eat the meat.

From the Liberal Christian, March 16, 1867.

A GREAT COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.—The operations of the Great American Tea Company have attained a magnitude which fairly entitles it to rank among the great commercial enterprises of New York. They are now doing a business of nearly or quite $100,000 weekly, and have already appropriated several mammoth stores in the most central and convenient localities in this city and Brooklyn, and their number is constantly increasing. This immense business has been gradually built up during the past five or six years by selling goods of an excellent quality, at but living profits and uniformly at one price. These three facts, brought prominent before the public, account for the unparalleled success of the establishment. Another important fact is that as their orders crowd their facilities, their goods are invariably new and fresh, a circumstance of much importance to buyers, especially in the coffee department. The consumers of Tea and Coffee have heretofore been paying too many and too large profits on these necessary articles, and in projecting and carrying out this immense enterprise, and thus affording the public an opportunity to obtain these necessaries at the very lowest price, the Great American Tea Company have conferred a favor which the people have not been slow to appreciate and second by their patronage. Thus in doing away with the immense profits on the tea trade, this company are not only benefiting the public, but securing an immense trade for themselves, a small percentage on which makes a handsome profit in the aggregate.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The tones of this instrument are mellifluously sweet, with a volume, power and expression, truly marvellous, in so small and compact an organ. They are beautiful, simple, and economical.—*New Orleans Times.*

☞ The Boston Journal says:—"There is a growing feeling in the churches in this vicinity in favor of substituting the Sabbath-school exercise for the usual afternoon sermon, and either have but one sermon a day, with a prayer meeting in the evening, or else have preaching in the evening. The experiment will probably be tried by several of the churches after the expiration of the summer vacation."

☞ The Albany Argus learns that contracts are being made for the new crop of wheat in the western part of the state at prices nearly one dollar lower than millers have been paying this week, for what they need to keep their regular customers supplied.

☞ A French genealogist has discovered that Maximilian is descended from Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great; but to allay all jealousy, he kindly declares that all the European sovereigns are descended from the same ancestor.

☞ More Pagans than Christians are subject to the British Crown. Bad for the Christians, if universal suffrage should become the rule in Great Britain and its dependencies.

☞ The Misses Macomb, who are about to marry the Hon. Messrs. Wellesley and Pane, of the English aristocracy, are nieces of the late General Phil. Kearney. Each of the young ladies is reported in private circles to be worth $10,000 a year in her own right. They are the owners of immense estates at Newark, across the river from the well-known Kearney chateau.

☞ Capt. Isaiah Rynders, of New York, is out in defence of his great moral reputation and in denial of the statement that he recently fought a prize-fight. He says he is opposed to prize-fighting as brutal and demoralizing.

☞ A young widow of Quincy, Ill., met a stranger on the street and asked him the way; he asked her if she was not a widow; she said she was; he said he was a widower, a doctor from Palmyra, Mo., and proposed marriage on the spot; she blushed and hesitated—wouldn't be come home and see her friends about it; the interview was satisfactory, the marriage was arranged for next morning, the widow's cash ($40) got into the doctor's pocket, he went to get shaved and has never returned. He even left her, cruel man, standing in the public square while he "just run over to the barber's." There's no such doctor in Palmyra, and the curtain drops upon a woman in tears.

☞ The British West Indies are in a very bad condition. Jamaica has no funds in her treasury, and cannot pay the salaries of her officials. Although labor seems abundant, there is a general disposition in favor of Coolie immigration—even the authorities patronizing the traffic. In Jamaica Coolies bring £14 each, and in Demerara £9.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more demand for fresh ground Flour made of new wheat. Sales about 2000 bbls at $12@16,25 for family and fancy; $10@11 for new extra; $10@11,75 for northwestern extra family; $8,50@8,75 for old extra, and $7,50@8 for superfine. Rye Flour is selling at $7,75@8.

GRAIN—There is a fair amount of Wheat coming forward. Sales of 25,000 bus new Penna and Southern red at $2,20@2,37, including some choice Ohio at $2,40; common red at $2; Kentucky white at $2,81, and California at $2,95. Rye—Sales of new at $1,30@1,40, and old at $1,45@1,50. Corn—Sales of 22,000 bus yellow at $1,18@1,22, and mixed western at $1,12@1,18. Oats—15,000 bus sold at 90c for old and 74@75c for new.

PROVISIONS—Market firm. Small sales of Mess Pork at $24,75@25, and prime at $21. Mess Beef ranges from $27,50 to $29, for city packed. Plain and fancy canvassed Hams sell at 20@23c; pickled do at 17@18c; smoked Shoulders at 13½@14c; and salted do at 12c. Lard—Sales of tes and bbls at 13½@14½c, and kegs at 14½@15c. Butter—Old is held at 8@10c and new at 12@16. Cheese has been in limited inquiry at 11@14½c. Eggs sell at 22c.

COTTON—Sales of 400 bales at 28@28½c for middling Uplands and 29@29½c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are held at 3½@5c for Penna, and 6@6½c for Western. Green Peaches range from $1 to 1,75 ₩ basket.

HOPS—Small sales of inferior at 40@60c, and prime at 65@70c.

IRON—Foundry Iron is in limited demand; small sales at $44 for No 1, $39@40 for No 2, and $36 for Forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 17@17½ cts ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10,00@10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

BELLEVUE FEMALE INSTITUTE,

Attleboro, Bucks Co., Pa.

This Institute will reopen for the reception of pupils, on the 8th of 9th month, September. The different departments are in charge of those of experience and well-known ability.

French by a native French teacher. Music, Painting and Drawing by an Artist.

For Catalogues containing particulars, address the Principal, W. T. SEAL.

aug17-4t

TO AGENTS.

Experienced Book Canvassers can now pre-engage Territory for *the best book of the year*. A new National Work entitled

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC,

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BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

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nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

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A New and Valuable Collection.

From the works of Rossini, Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Gounod, Verdi, Flotow, Spontini, Wagner, Herold, Bishop, Balfe, Benedict, and others, forming a valuable collection for Societies, Conventions, Choirs, Singing Schools, Clubs and Social Circles. By Edwin Bruce. Price $3. Sent, post-paid.

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aug3-4t

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED

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GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 45c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

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Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us now they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

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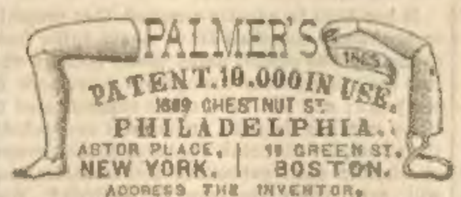

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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How either sex may instantly gain the undying love of any person they choose. The single married, the married happy and WISE IN TIME. Simple, harmless and sure. Also Journal of Love, Secret of Success, How to Get Rich, &c., all mailed free for 20 cents. 150,000 sold. KINGSLAND & CO., 5 Beekman St., New York. aug3-3m

THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The First Mortgage Bonds,

INTEREST,

SIX Per CENT. in GOLD,

Are offered for the present at Ninety Cents on the Dollar and accrued interest at Six per Cent. in Currency from July 1st.

The Company would state that their work continues to be pushed forward with great rapidity. An additional section of 40 miles will be completed during the present week, making

425 Miles West from Omaha in operation,

and stocked with locomotives, cars, and all the appurtenances of a first-class road.

The amount already paid in by stockholders of the Company is $6,000,000.

The aid received from the U. S. Government in constructing this portion of 425 miles is:

1. A DONATION of 12,800 acres of adjacent lands to the mile (nearly all very valuable), amounting to 5,440,000 acres.
2. U. S. Six per Cent. currency, Interest Bonds, which are a second lien, at the rate of $16,000 to the mile, amounting, for the 425 miles, to $6,800,000

The amount of the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds on 425 miles is $6,800,000

It will be seen that, *exclusive of the land grant*, the First Mortgage Bonds represent only about *one-third* of the value of the property on which they are secured. The Company is also restrained by its Charter from issuing its bonds except as the work progresses, *and to the same amount on the various sections as are issued by the Government*. The mortgage which secures the bondholders is made to Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator, from New York, and Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of the U. S. House of Representatives, from Massachusetts, as Trustees, who alone can issue the Bonds to the Company, and who are responsible for their issue in strict accordance with the terms of the law.

A statement of the earnings for the last quarter will be published in detail at an early day; but the accounts are already sufficiently balanced to show that the net amount is much greater than the gold interest on the bonds that can be issued on the length of road operated. It should be remembered that these earnings are only upon a *way business* in a new and undeveloped country, and are no index of the vast traffic that must follow the completion of the whole line to the Pacific in 1870. These facts are only intended to show that these Bonds are strictly one of the safest as well as one of the most profitable securities, and are fully entitled to the confidence of the public. The Company make no appeal to the public to purchase its Bonds, as the daily subscriptions are large, and fully equal to their wants.

Many parties are taking advantage of the present high price of Government stocks to exchange for these Bonds, which are over 15 per cent. cheaper, and, at the current rate of premium on gold, pay

Over Nine per Cent. Interest.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

Aug. 5th, 1867. NEW YORK.

aug17-2t

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. T. F. WOOD,

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WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTHE CORNELIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 79 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

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UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

By A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical").

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$44
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	66

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$66
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	96
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

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MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 30	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	6.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL R. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,

ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

WHISKERS!

A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND *According to directions*. Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails*. Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. je1-3m

PSYCHOMANCY.—LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions, by which any person can master the whole art of Ventriloquism and undying love of either sex in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent for 5 cents. Address T. F. WOOD, Vernon, New Jersey. aug3-4t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. je1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Just the Lady.

Some incorrigible wag once remarked that "she was a very poor woman who could not make half of a man's living." We never endorsed the views of the ungallant wretch, and always thought that a lady who could support herself was good enough for any man—even an editor. Such a lady, it seems, turned up in Memphis a few days since. The local of the Memphis Appeal thus relates the manner in which she was discovered:—

Judge Reid, who edits and publishes the Coahomian at Friar's Point, and which, by the way, is one of our best country exchanges, has been in the city for a few days past. We have taken him around and shown him the elephant, and in our peregrinations, a little incident occurred which we feel inclined to tell on him.

Every one knows that Reid is as clever and talented as he is good-looking and amiable. The fact is, we took him to see some of our city belles, and it was only a short time before a "mutual feeling" crept over the judge and a very handsome young lady. They said a great many sweet things to one another, when we came to the conclusion Reid had made a conquest.

Supper was announced, and every one, except Reid and his *cora*, left the parlor. The judge made good use of the time, and remembered the old saying that "Two is company and three is not," for he had only been alone with the lady a short while before he had his arm around her waist. Just imagine the judge in that position—ye gods! What a thrill of delight must have run over his feelings. The lady, however, soon removed his arm with the reproof, "I thank you, sir, I can support myself." "You can?" quickly replied the judge; "then, by gracious, you are the lady I have been looking for ever since I started the Coahomian."

Making a Quotation.

That notable man of the West—elongated John Wentworth—is as strong in stump oratory as he used to be with his pen, when editing the Chicago Democrat, and in political organizations was as indispensable a man as our brother Watkins used to be in a certain church—"a difficult man to get along *with*, and a difficult man to get along *without*." During the last campaign, which resulted in his election to Congress, his unnecessarily long form was seen towering at all public assemblages where the merits of opposing men and measures were discussed. It is to be borne in mind, so they say, that attenuated John has one verbal habit so inveterate that it forces itself upon the attention of those who happen to listen to him. If any doubt is expressed as to the accuracy of his statements, his prompt response is: "I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's true." On the occasion to which we allude, Mr. Wentworth had made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant's well-known lines:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

But unfortunately he could only remember the opening words, which he repeated thus:

"'Truth crushed—'

"How is that?—it's by Bryant, you know—that beautiful poem of his—

"'Truth crushed to earth—' [Another pause.]

"'Truth crushed to earth will rise again—' [Another.]

"'Truth crushed to earth will rise again—'

"Well, boys, I don't remember the rest of it, but *if any of you doubt it, I'll just bet you a hundred dollars that she will!*"

She Would Have a Piano.

A Teutonic citizen out West went away from home on an extended business tour, leaving several hundred dollars with his wife to pay for the support of the family during his absence. On the first day of his return his wife asked him for five dollars to go to market.

"Vair pese de seven hoonard tollar I left mit you dont it?" said the husband.

"You know, Hans," said the "vrow," persuasively, "Katrina is growing up very much, and I bought her a—a—a pianner."

"A pianner!" yelled the astonished Teuton, "bought Katrina von pianner! Vell, you shust goes and cook the pianner."

"Oh!" shrieked the mother of Katrina.

"Mind now—der is more vot I ain't got to say," said Hans; "ven you gets hungry you shust make sassage out of the pianner keys."

"Oh!"

"Don't ask me for moneys to get der markets. Make a leg of mutton out of pianner legs, unt schop up pianner cover into sour grout."

"Oh!"

A Betting Quaker.

Up in Westchester, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, near the country seat of Horace Greeley, dwells a member of the Society of Friends, who, like Henry Ward Beecher, is much given to a fondness for all kinds of sport. He shoots one or more wild geese every season, and always keeps a fast horse that he is ready to lay anything on but the whip. But he has an odd way of betting. He will not gamble, he says. When he lays a wager it is in this way: "Friend Edward, thee thinks thy horse is faster than mine. Now, I think mine is faster than thine. I value my opinion at twenty dollars. Now, if thee values thy opinion at the same rate, we will put the money together and ask our horses what they think of it, and leave the conclusion to them."

What He was Going to Do.—It was customary for a certain college professor to inquire of the graduating class what each proposed to be or to do in the world. One would be a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and so on. "And what do you propose to be, Simon?" "I am going to be a Pithcopal minister," was the answer of the lisping graduate, "for the reasons—1st. The prayers are all in print, and I can read them easily. 2d. The sermons of Pithcopal ministers are short, and them I can steal. And 3d. Pithcopal ministers generally marry rich wives!"

☞ Abel Perkins, of S———, had a spite against Squire B——, of the same town. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the squire was a mean man. "Mean," said Abel; "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat."

☞ Hanging a mackerel to your coat tail and imagining yourself a whale, constitutes codfish aristocracy.

CROQUE'D.

Mamma (severely).—"Why are you not playing with the others, Blanche?"
Blanche (innocently).—"Don't know how, mamma. Major Mallet is teaching me."

Inhabited Planets.

Now that we are more thoroughly acquainted with the planetary system revolving round the sun, and can compare the distances, volumes, movements, weights, &c., of the different members of this system, what do we discover? We find that our earth, magnificent as it is—with its volcanoes and hot springs, its earthquakes, snow-peaked mountains and lovely valleys, its mountain torrents, cascades, and wide rivers, its boundless ocean, its varied and beautiful vegetation intermingled with myriads of different animals—constitutes but a very secondary feature among the planets. It is neither the largest nor the smallest, the nearest to the sun nor the farthest away; neither the warmest nor the coldest, the lightest nor the heaviest; and if we find it teeming with life, we must necessarily suppose that life—the highest manifestation of nature's forces—exists in other planets also.

To any person tolerably devoid of prejudice, and slightly acquainted with the teachings of modern astronomy, it must appear absurd in the extreme to suppose that these magnificent worlds which revolve round the sun should not have been as highly endowed by the Creator as our little earth, a mere point in the universe, which constitutes so moderate a feature among them and quite as fanciful to imagine that our globe is for man the best possible of worlds.

One or two prodigious difficulties arise, however, when we wish to bring forward some palpable proof of the planets being in reality inhabited by creatures at all like ourselves. Not the slightest doubt can exist as to the possibility of this, as far as certain planets are concerned—more particularly Venus, Mars, and Mercury—reasoning from the little we know of their physical properties, and their telescopic appearance, so similar to what our earth must appear viewed from one of them.

But if from planets we proceed to speculate upon their satellites, and from these to the sun itself, and to the comets and shooting stars, we find ourselves soon without a reasonable argument to stand upon. In the first place, our own satellite reveals no atmosphere—unless, indeed, some observations made by Secchi a few years ago should be confirmed, according to which the moon has a slight atmosphere, through which penetrate the peaks of its high mountains. And as for the sun, if the development of *life* is to be measured by the amount of *heat* and *light* which each planet receives from the central orb of our system, this orb must indeed be a region of eternal life and perfect happiness! Jupiter and Saturn being very light planets, some astronomers have supposed that the former was nothing more than a vast globe of water; its inhabitants in this case would be of the aquatic order—large whales, and so on. As to comets, who can say anything? But shooting stars, or rather meteoric stones, when they reach our earth, have been found to contain *organic matter*, either the remains or the beginning of life.

Doubtless many centuries will yet elapse before the inhabitants of our planet—our own Cybele—can have any very positive proofs of the existence of living creatures on the other globes which travel in space; all we can say at present is, that such a fact is exceedingly probable. But as far as speculation—based upon well-ascertained scientific data, and upheld by sound philosophical reasoning—can go, M. Flammarion has conducted us in the work alluded to above, throughout which there reigns a soothing breath of natural and pure philosophy, inspired by deep admiration of the grandest works of the Creator.

Even those authors who, like the late distinguished Professor Whewell, endeavor to establish that the planets contain no living beings in any way analogous to man, believe it possible that life, in some form or other, exists upon them. But M. Flammarion is of opinion that the spiritual and physical universe are one, and that the planets are the abodes of *intelligence*, more or less developed, we may suppose, according to their respective positions.—*Belgravia.*

A Good War Horse.—At a club dinner with a party of Nantucket people not long ago, one of the guests remarked that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility and marvellous slowness. He said that a citizen sold one to a cavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion and said he had been swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer.

"Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him; and yet you warranted him as a good war horse."

"Yes, I did, and by George he is a good war horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Experiments.

Farmers often find fault with those who experiment. They say of a neighbor sometimes, "he is rather experimental:" but they should remember that every new truth is an experiment to all those who have not tried it. Some one must be the first to vary from the trodden path, or we should still use a crooked stick instead of a plough. There is a class, however, who, upon hearing of any novelty in agriculture, at once try it, not on a square yard, but on their whole crop; such men are not worthy of being styled experimenters. But should a farmer at this day call himself practical and judicious in his calling, who, after having heard that in many sections of country corn is cultivated flat, without hilling, and that potatoes are so cultivated, still continues to hill both without trying the experiment of flat cultivation even on a single hill, can such a man be rated as judicious? Is such a man to be called a practical farmer? Is he practical, who allows lima beans to travel round a pole fifteen feet high, when the pinching off of the vine at five and a half feet high will produce double the crop of beans, and particularly before frost? Should he not try the experiment and see how it will answer? Many permit melons cucumbers, etc., to run over the entire area of their soil, in long single vines, while others, by pinching off the runner buds after the third rough leaf has formed, get their fruit early and of double size. Why should not this experiment be tried and adopted, if found true? Gooseberries mildew all over the country, but some have saved them by cutting every branch that is within five inches of another, and by mulching the surface with salt hay, or other cheap refuse material; is this not a fair experiments to try?

It has been frequently asserted that properly underdrained subsoiled lands never suffer from drought; who cannot name many farmers who lose their crops from drought, at least once in ten years; and still have never experimented to know whether they can underdrain and subsoil their land, for one-tenth the value of their crops, or whether such subsoiling and underdraining will save them from drought entirely? And those who doubt this fact, should they not make the experiment, or visit the farms of those who have, to know of its truth?

Thousands of acres of peach trees are grown by those who have never tried the shortening in process, and cannot tell whether they will bear for a series of years longer for such practice or not. Is it not a fair experiment to try this on a single tree at least? Are there not thousands of farmers in the United States who have never tried any other fertilizing material than barnyard manure? Should they not satisfy themselves by the experiment, whether or not others may not be more cheaply used, and produce more profitable results?

Continually we hear it said, that those who surface plough five or six inches, have another farm under it which they have not developed. Should not such farmers experiment with the subsoil plough to know if this be true or false. A bushel of carrots and a bushel of oats, are said to equal in effect, when fed to a horse, two bushels of oats. Now as sixteen times the number of bushels of carrots can be raised on an acre, than can possibly be grown of oats, should not those farmers who have never raised carrots, try the experiment, and thus ascertain if these assertions are true? Those who use hoes, and forks, etc., for cleansing row crops of weeds, have heard that the horse weeder would do the work of forty men with hoes, and that many have repudiated the use of the hoe altogether for root crops; why should they not try this experiment? It is said that one mowing machine will do the work of twenty men with scythes, and that one threshing machine will do the work of a hundred men with flails; should not those who at present use flails, visit farms where mowing machines and threshing machines are used, to ascertain if that experiment will not warrant them in the purchase of such tools?

Those who use barnyards open and exposed to the winds and rains, and who permit the washings to run off to creeks and streams, have doubtless heard that with manure sheds, and properly arranged tanks retaining the drainage of the manure heaps, and pumps, they obtain better results than by the open barnyard practice; should they not carefully review the operations of these experimenters, rather than satirize that of which they have no knowledge? Experience is said to be the mother of wisdom—experiment is the father of truth.

Fevers and Fruit.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches, or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up; work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the docter's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale-fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits, and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from orchard every day, of early and late kind. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, *but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills.* And bless your dear souls, *these things taste good!* You study what food is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence, and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

How to Have Mealy Potatoes.

It is a very common thing in the spring to find strong, watery potatoes on the table, unless care has been taken to select and preserve them. A poor potato is the poorest article of food that can be had; as soon as they begin to sprout they will begin to grow poor and watery, the better part of the root going to the support of sprouts; hence, to have mealy, nice potatoes, it is necessary to keep them from exhausting themselves in this way. An exchange gives the following method of preventing the potatoes from sprouting, which we hope will be tried and approved: Take good, sound potatoes and place them in a tub or barrel, and pour boiling water over them, letting them remain in the water until the eyes are scalded so they will not sprout; dry the potatoes thoroughly in the sun, and put them away in a box or barrel in a cool, dry place. This will give good mealy potatoes all the time.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Liming Hay.

The lime absorbs the moisture or the dampness that is on, not in, the hay, without injury to the quality of the hay. It does not stick to the hay, nor is it found in the bottom of the mow, unless it is put on in lumps that will not slack. Its effect is to dry up all moisture on the outside of the hay, without injury, unless you put on too much—four quarts per ton is sufficient. It does not prevent fermentation. I don't know how it affects the saliva, but I know my cow relished it and kept fat. By using lime you can house grass the next day after it is cut. I can't tell why lime will not affect other grasses in the same way, but three years ago last fall I filled my barn with wet timothy and put lime on it, and it got musty and spoiled, so that a horse or cow would not eat it.—*Western Rural.*

RECEIPTS.

Turnips a la Poulette.—Cut the turnips in dice in a saucepan. When boiled tender turn them in a colander. Put a little butter and flour in a saucepan, and stir. Add a gill of milk and stir, then the turnips, and salt and pepper to taste.

To Cook Beans in a French Style.—Choose small young beans, and strip off the ends and stalks, throwing them, as prepared, into a dish full of cold spring water, and, when all are finished, wash and drain them well. Boil them in salted boiling water, in a large saucepan, and drain them, after which put them into an enamelled stewpan, and shake them over the fire until they are quite hot and dry; then add about three ounces of fresh butter, and a tablespoonful of veal or chicken broth; the butter must be broken up into small lumps. Season with white pepper, salt, and the juice of half a lemon strained. Stir them well over a hot fire for five minutes, and serve them in a vegetable dish very hot.

Raised Pies.—Take seven pounds of flour; then take one pound of mutton suet clarified down, put it into a saucepan with one pint and a half of water, and set it over the fire till it boils; make a hole in the middle of your flour, and pour in your liquor boiling hot; then mix in your flour with a spoon, till you can bear to put your hand in; mix it till it becomes a nice smooth piece of dough, cover it with a cloth, and raise your pies with as much of it as will make the size you want; when filled and nicely closed, wash with egg, and lay on your ornaments. Your oven must be brisk, if for small pies; but if for large ones, a more steady heat will be the best.

Forced Tomatoes.—Prepare the following forcemeat:—Two ounces of mushrooms minced small, a couple of shalots, likewise minced, a small quantity of parsley, a slice of lean ham, chopped fine, a few savory herbs, and a little cayenne and salt. Put all these ingredients into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and stew all together until quite tender, taking care that they do not burn. Put it by to cool, and then mix with them some bread-crumbs and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Choose large tomatoes, as nearly of the same size as possible; cut a slice from the stalk end of each, and take out carefully the seeds and juice; fill them with the mixture which has already been prepared, strew them over with bread and some melted butter, and bake them in a quick oven, until they assume a rich color. They are a good accompaniment to veal or calf's head.

Sago Jelly.—Boil a teacupful of sago in three pints and a half of water till quite done; when cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and when served pour a little cream round.

Cherry Marmalade or Jam.—Take out the stones and stalks from some fine cherries, and pulp them through a cane sieve; to every 8 lbs. of pulp add half a pint of currant juice, and ¾ lb. of sugar to each pound of fruit; mix together, and boil until it will jelly. Put it into pots or glasses.

Black Currant Jam.—To every pound of black currants pulped, put a pound of sugar. Boil up the fruit, stirring it continually, until reduced by evaporation to the proper consistence. Jams may also be made of red and white currants, but as they are scarcely ever used, the jelly being so much preferred, few persons make them. The black currant is one of the most wholesome of jams, and certainly very useful. It has many medicinal virtues, in addition to its agreeable flavor. As a foundation in a glass of whipped cream it is delicious.

Ginger Nuts.—One cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sugar, one spoonful of ginger, one cupful of butter, half a cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in boiling water and stirred in after the flour. Make it just stiff enough to roll very thin; cut in small cakes and bake quick.

French Cake.—Two cups sugar, three of flour, half a cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 4, 8, 1, is an insect.
My 14, 7, 5, is a winged animal.
My 11, 13, 9, is a domestic animal.
My 3, 16, 6, is a genus of creeping fish.
My 2, 10, 1, is like the verb "strike."
My 15, 3, 5, is the same as the verb "permit."
My 8, 4, 9, is a nickname.
My 12, 7, 14, is a Hebrew measure of 3 pints.
My whole is a great modern success of science.

J. C. OCHILTREE.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is the Greek name for "nightingale."
My 2d is a Greek verb signifying "to consume."
My 3d is a county in England.
My initials form the name of the goddess of revenge.
My 2d is the diocese of a bishop.
My 3d is a title of the god of hell.
My 4th is a compound of metal and other matter.
My finals is the name of the most ancient of all heathen deities.

ALPHA B. OMICRON.

Lynnville, Illinois.

Towns in Scotland Enigmatically Expressed.

1. A common fruit and a disagreeable quality.
2. A pressing creditor, and a piece of iron.
3. What shopkeepers wish to do, and a place of worship.
4. A piece of money.
5. A covering for the head, and a place of business and traffic.
6. A wine and a sauce.
7. A man's name, and a part of the body.
8. A comfortable thing in summer time, and a wicket.
9. What we see in every house, and the participle of an active verb.
10. A little hill, and the queen of flowers.

IVY GREEN.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A bought a piece of cloth, giving as many dollars per yard as there were yards, while B bought a finer piece, giving likewise as many dollars per yard as there were yards. It was found that B's cost $28 more than A's; and had B paid the same rate per yard that A paid, his cloth would have cost him $48. What did each pay, and what quantity of cloth did each get?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The arms of a false lever are 12 and 13 inches respectively. A shopkeeper puts the weight as often in one scale as the other. Will he gain or lose, and what per cent.?

W. F. L. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Perry Co., Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A brewer has a kettle made of such composition that its specific gravity is 8.28, its weight 204 lbs., its shape a perfect hemisphere, its size 4 feet from ear to ear superficially. Required, its capacity in gallons.

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a storm like a fish after a hook? Ans.—When it is going to abate.

☞ Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Ans.—Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

☞ When will the alphabet be one letter short? Ans.—When U and I are one.

☞ Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? Ans.—To liquidate their little bills.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—General Philip Kearney. ENIGMA—"The Lord's Prayer." TRANSPOSITION—Treat. (Tear, tree, tea, tar, (resin) rear, rat, ear, are, ari, ars.)

Answers to Riddles of July 20th.

ENIGMA—"A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand." CHARADE—Flagrant. (Flag-rant.) REBUS—The Phantom of the Forest. (Texas, Hebrides, England, Panama, Hudson, Albany, Nile, Titicaca, Oceanica, Madrid, Obe, Falkland, Turkey, Himalay, Equador, Farewell, Onega, Richelieu, Elmira, Siberia, Tasmania.)